

WOMAN STABBED IN CROWD: HUNT FOR ASSAILANT

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

No. 6,057.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1923

One Penny.

RAILWAY CROSSING TRAGEDY

OMINOUS NEWS



Miss Milly Emmett, of Hackney Wick, and Mr. J. Dormer, also of Hackney, who were struck by an express train on Easter Monday while passing over the line at Copper Mill crossing, Hackney Marshes. The girl was hurled down the embankment and died almost immediately. Mr. Dormer was so injured that his death took place yesterday in Whipps Cross Hospital, to which he was removed.

THAMES EMBANKMENT STABBING MYSTERY

REMANDED



Archibald Westropp Weir, who was charged at Brighton Police Court yesterday with murder and attempted murder.

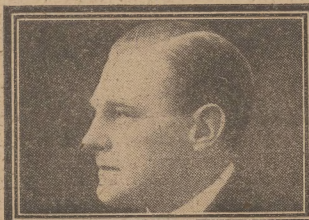
Mrs. A. Southwood, of Islington, a young woman about twenty-seven years of age, who was stabbed in the throat while waiting with her husband for a tramcar on the Thames Embankment by Charing Cross. The wound was serious, but not dangerous. The doctors put in six stitches and Mrs. Southwood is still in hospital. The assailant is unknown and no one saw the striking of the blow.



Lord Carnarvon, whose condition became worse yesterday morning and is causing renewed anxiety. The second lung is now affected. Several doctors are in attendance and Lord Carnarvon's family physician is expected. With Lady Evelyn Herbert.

AIRMAN'S ENGAGEMENT

LEAVING FOR FRANCE



Commander K. Mackenzie-Grieve, R.N., the well-known airman, who is engaged to be married to Miss Janet Baddeley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Baddeley.



Earl Curzon, who left for France yesterday to complete the treatment for phlebitis which he was receiving at the hands of a French specialist last autumn.

GIRL'S FATE AT ARTS CLUB.

Tragic Farewell Letter to Sister.

"WEARY OF LIFE."

Hopeless Love for Another After Leaving Husband.

Hopeless love for another man after her marriage had proved a failure was revealed yesterday as the motive for the suicide of Mrs. Ida Sands Catton, twenty-eight, a clerk at the Arts Club, Dover-street, Piccadilly.

She poisoned herself on Good Friday by attaching a tube to the gas jet in her room at the club.

In a letter to her sister, read yesterday at the inquest, she said: "I am weary of life. . . . You know where my heart has been for years, whom I respect and love. My life is hell. Forgive me."

Mrs. Catton, whom the coroner found was insane at the time of her act, expressed a wish to be cremated.

MARRIAGE FAILURE.

Mrs. Catton's Last Wish for Cremation—"Forget and Forgive."

It was stated at the inquest by Mrs. Ethel Farrer, of Gloucester-terrace, the dead woman's sister, that she married Oliver Edward Catton in 1917, but never lived with him.

The Coroner: Why did they not live together?—Mrs. Farrer: He never supported her. He gave her £5 and took it from her again. More often than not, she had to give him money and buy him clothes and try to make him do better.

What was the matter with him?—Drink and laziness. Proceeding, Mrs. Farrer said that she saw Mrs. Catton last Wednesday night, and she was very happy. She said: "If only my husband would do something and support me; if only he would save his money until we could get a home. She never said anything about suicide!—No. She was fond of me, but I don't think she was more fond of anyone. She would have lived with her husband if he would have supported her."

It does not look like it from the letter found, does it? She expressed her affection to her husband and very great affection for somebody else. I suppose you know she was fond of that somebody else?—Yes.

And they could not get married?—No.

FAREWELL LETTER.

Summing-up, the coroner said that Mrs. Catton was a girl, very depressed, and it appeared that she came across somebody of whom she was very fond, but he was a married man. She apparently saw unhappiness for her in the future, and decided to end her life. She was in no sort of trouble at the club. Her affairs were in order, and a letter to her sister, dated March 30, the day of her death, read:—

"This will hurt you. I know quite well you will be very ill. I have often put it off on this account solely. I think Messrs. Arts Club will be furious at the scandal, but if I did it at home you will discover it and the shock will be horrible. I choose the least of evils."

You will find £60 to my credit at the Post Office, and the book is in my desk. Hard cash here will amount to something like £85.

There is about £36 in my blue velvet bag. If I can be cremated, so much the better. Continuing, Mrs. Catton wrote:—

"My dear, I am weary of life. Do what you like with my things, but my books try and keep. There are some I prize greatly, and you will find them in different places. Give my dearest love to father. You know I care intensely for yourself and John. Don't let E. C.—(the coroner suggested this no doubt referred to her husband)—know anything of me. At least, we are not hypocrites and never pretended that we cared, or that we had the haziest respect for each other. I don't want him to know, or to have a hand in the disposal of my remains. You know I am sorry to go away, but death before—"

"MY HEART'S LOVE."

The coroner, remarking that the missing word was meant to be "dishonour," said the letter went on to suggest taking some flowers and cigarettes to a French teacher, whom she liked very much, and concluded:—

You know where my heart has been for years. You know whom I respect and love, and I have learned to respect him horribly lately. My life is hell. Try to forget me, and tender my sincere apologies to Messrs. Arts Club. You know my dearest and heart's love. Forgive me—Ida.

Recording his verdict, the coroner said it was clear that Mrs. Catton had not made a successful marriage, and had fallen in love with somebody else who was married. She came to the conclusion that life was not worth living with out him.

BOY'S PICNIC DEATH.

One of a picnic party, William Thomson, aged eleven, fell from a cliff near Alton, East Scotland, and was found dead in a stream, his neck being broken.

A youth, believed to belong to Portsmouth, met with a fatal cycling accident near Earcham, his machine colliding with a wall.

NO PROHIBITION.

I. L. P. Conference Reject Glasgow Demand.

"SCOTSMEN SHOCKED."

An animated discussion on the drink question arose at the reopening in London yesterday of the Independent Labour Party Conference. A resolution by Liverpool declared antagonism to the drink traffic as an insidious factor in social degradation, and affirmed the belief in the public ownership and control of the liquor traffic.

To this Peterhead, Shawlands and Glasgow City moved an amendment affirming belief in total prohibition.

Mr. P. J. Dolan (Glasgow), supporting prohibition, declared that a sober democracy was an intelligent democracy, and an intelligent democracy was a revolutionary democracy.

One of the greatest obstacles to mass intelligence was the "insidious poison" ladled out by the drink trade in this country.

Some people talked of the improved public-house. One of the most degrading sights I.L.P. Scotsmen had seen on their present visit to London was the queue of women and infants in arms outside the public-houses.

"Scotland," he added, "is bad enough, but we are not so degraded as to tolerate that kind of thing."

Mr. John Carnegie (Dundee), in a racy speech, made a retort to those who declared that the drink traffic led to crime and degradation.

One of the biggest bank robberies in Glasgow, he said, was done by temperance men. The prohibition amendment was defeated by 163 against 152, and the resolution was carried.

A resolution aiming at the abolition of the Cabinet system and the substitution of Government by committees with Ministers as chairmen was referred to the National Administrative Council for further examination.

STEPPED TO HER DEATH.

Coroner Exonerates Motor-Car Driver—Man's Fate on Road.

Two fatal street accidents were yesterday inquired into by the West London coroner at Hammersmith.

Eleanor Roche, aged fifty-three, single woman, Charles-street, Notting Hill, was killed by a motor-car in Holland Park-avenue, Kensington. Charles Sorrell, Montague-road, Edmonstone, owner and driver of the car, said the woman suddenly stepped off the kerb from his car.

A brother of Miss Roche said she had suffered from cataract in the left eye, and the coroner in recording a verdict of Accidental Death exonerated the driver from blame.

The second accident occurred in Hammersmith-road, George Harrington, aged fifty-eight, Ramdoh-road, Hammersmith, being knocked down by a motor-car. As the owner of the car had gone abroad for a month, the coroner adjourned the inquest for his evidence.

KRUPP CHIEFS ARRESTED

Essen Death-Roll Now Eleven: Sixty Wounded—French Victims.

COLOGNE, Tuesday. The number of dead as the result of the shooting at Krupp's is now eleven and the wounded about sixty, including two French engineers and one French journalist.

Many of those wounded were shot at such short range that it is impossible to say whether they were shot in the front or the back, but some were undoubtedly shot in the back.

The funeral of the victims has been arranged to take place to-morrow at the Ehrenfriedhof or the Cemetery of Honour at Essen, Krupp's paying the expenses. A hundred thousand workers are expected to take part.

Four of Krupp's directors have been arrested and removed to Werden. No sanctions have been imposed.—Reuter.

Stinnes' Railway Deal.—A telegram from Belgrade, quoted in a Paris wire to the Central News, states that Herr Hugo Stinnes has bought the Southern Railway, which joins Austria, Jugo-Slavia and Hungary.

PANELS FOR DUKE.

Suggestion to Line Room at White Lodge with Australian Woods.

That the wedding present to the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon should consist of panelling a room at White Lodge, Richmond, with Australian woods is the novel suggestion made to Lady Cook, wife of the High Commissioner to Australia.

The proposition will be considered at this morning's meeting at Australia House. Lady Cook has received from Dame Nellie Melba a subscription of £20 to the wedding present fund.

BUILDING DISPUTE DEADLOCK.

There was "no change" in the building dispute yesterday. Employers will post notices to take effect on April 14. The Emergency Committee of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives is meeting in London to-day and to-morrow, and the Special Disputes Committee of the Federation will also consider the position to-morrow. The Ministry of Labour is in touch with both sides.

EX-KAISER'S WIFE.

Returning to Doorn with Her Children.

SEPARATION DENIED.

DOORN, Tuesday. From inquiries made here there appears to be no foundation for the repeated assertions that the ex-Kaiser and his wife have separated. There is reason to believe, on the contrary, that she is returning to Doorn with her children after Whitsun.

Several rooms in the castle were being fitted up for this moving for the use of the children. Princess Hermine, when she left the castle, said good-bye to a number of persons, and added in each case that she would return after Whitsun.

Finally, a categorical denial of the rumoured separation was given by one of the ex-Kaiser's officials.—Reuter.

RACEHORSE OWNER DIES

Mr. W. E. Whinney, Who Sold Leighton for 3,100 Guineas.

Mr. W. E. Whinney, the former owner of the racehorse Leighton, and well-known cotton merchant, has died in Liverpool.

Mr. Whinney was one of the biggest cotton brokers in Liverpool. When, owing to illness, he sold his racehorses, Leighton brought 3,100 guineas.

Leighton was expected by Mr. Whinney to win the Derby last year, and his confidence was strengthened by the fact that he drew him in the sweepstake. Before the race Mr. J. B. Joel offered Mr. Whinney £20,000 for the horse.

Leighton, however, had failure after failure, and though it could do wonders on training grounds was unfortunate on the racecourse.

Mr. Whinney was expected for success in last year's Derby that he spent all the morning before the race writing cables and wires to his friends urging them to back the horse.

DRINKS TO MUSIC.

Licensing Magistrates Say Licence Is Needed for Public-House Radios.

The question of "listening-in" sets in public-houses was discussed by the delegates attending the conference of the International Order of Good Templars at Manchester yesterday.

The Licensing Bench has agreed that a music licence was necessary when one of these instruments was provided to entertain customers.

For the time being, however, the magistrates appeared to differ on the matter, and all the Templars could do was to make representations with a view to protecting themselves and their interests against this special treatment for public-houses.

Ex-President Wilson "listened-in" to Lord Robert Cecil's speech yesterday on the League of Nations in his Washington home, says a Reuter's telegram.

MIKADO'S SISTER WORSE

Her Brother, Fellow Victim of Motor Smash, Now Out of Danger.

Princess Fusako Kitashirakawa, a sister of the Emperor of Japan, is worse, says a Reuter's Paris telegram, and her condition is now critical.

The Princess was the victim of a motor smash along the Paris-Cherbourg road. Prince Asaka, brother of the Mikado, was also in the car, but although injured, is now (says the Exchange) out of danger.

The body of Prince Kito, who was killed with the chauffeur, when the car was yesterday, where it will remain pending its removal to Tokyo. Mr. John Mitcheson, British Vice-Consul in Paris, while motoring from Nancy to Toul ran over a boy of nine, who was instantly killed, says a Reuter message.

Ten passengers (says an Exchange Paris message) on Monday were injured when a train on the miniature railway between Porte Maillot, Paris, and the Jardin d'Acclimatation slipped the rails and overturned.

Fourteen passengers were badly hurt when a motor-car going from Lyon to Neuville-sur-Saône ran into a steam train.

"CUT" TO AVOID INCOME TAX.

Among persons summoned for non-payment of income tax in the Oldham district was a man engaged in the Civil Service, who, it was stated, had applied to have his salary reduced so that he might be exempt from payment of tax.

PRINCESS MARY PRESENTS PRIZES.

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles visited the Hackney Show at Doncaster yesterday. The Princess was enthusiastically received and warmly cheered on entering the ring to present some of the principal prizes.

FAIR OF BEAUTY FOR WOMEN.

"Daily Mirror's" Great Pageant of Fashion.

SPRING CREATIONS.

Exhibits from World's Most Famous Model Houses.

All women are looking forward to the opening of *The Daily Mirror* International Fashion Fair at Holland Park Hall on Monday week, April 16.

This exhibition will be one of the outstanding events of the London season. *The Daily Mirror*, the woman's paper, and the paper for the home, is determined to present a 'Fashion Fair' on a scale hitherto unapproached.

The International Fashion Fair will be what its description signifies. It will provide a pageant of dress and beauty which will attract and enthral multitudes.

It will not be an exhibition of ironmongery and hardware, but a revelation of the art of dress and of decoration.

WORLD'S "100 BEST."

Wonderful Collection of Gowns, Hats, Silks and Perfumes.

The Fashion Fair will be held from the 16th—28th of this month.

Women should make a note of these dates, and visit the exhibition as early as possible.

The whole cultural resources of Western Europe have been laid under tribute for this great exhibition.

All visitors will be fascinated by the exhibits, which will represent the most accomplished work of houses whose names are familiar the world over.

The Callot Sours, Isobel, Fiffnella, Madeleine and Madeleine, Beer, Tiziana, Adele de Paris, Zvyot and Pam, and Paul Caret—to mention a few of the famous model houses taking part in the exhibition—will show their new spring and summer creations upon the world's most lovely women.

Besides gowns, there will be included the most wonderful collection of hats, furs, shoes, hosiery, perfumes, silks and satins, gathered from the four quarters of the globe.

Coty, Atkinson, Roger and Gallet, Superflor, Parfums d'Orsay are amongst those who will exhibit perfumes.

A forecast of all that will be included within this exhibition of the "world's hundred best" is impossible to make.

But no woman will be quite happy in London who has not visited *The Daily Mirror* International Fashion Fair.

YACHT ABLAZE.

Explosion Followed by Fire on Motor Vessel—Party's Escape.

While Mr. Pearson, of West Mersea, was starting on his motor-yacht for a cruise on the East Coast with a party of friends, an explosion occurred.

Fire broke out, and the yacht was practically destroyed by the blaze. Members of the party were unhurt.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Winds mainly between east and south; considerable bright periods. Lightning from 7.35 p.m.

Mr. G. J. Gould, who has been ill at his villa at Cap Martin, is stated to be recovering.

Actress' Bankruptcy.—Miss Edith Day, the actress, has filed her petition in bankruptcy, says a New York wire.

On St. George's Day a special National Service will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral by the Royal Society of St. George.

London's Holiday.—All previous Bank Holiday records for London and suburbs, passenger traffic were beaten on Monday and the receipts were a record.

Springtime "Rise."—Ironworkers of South Staffordshire will have their wages advanced 2s. per cent. on Monday, to continue till the 1st Sunday in June.

Crowded Train Tragedy.—Falling from a crowded train when the door flew open, Reginald Parkhouse, an Abertillery collier, died yesterday from his injuries.

Chancellor's Holiday.—Viscount Cave, the Lord Chancellor, and Viscount Finlay yesterday arrived at Gibraltar, says Reuter, and brushed with Sir Horace Smith-Barry, the Governor.

Boy in Chess Tournament.—In the Liverpool Chess Tournament yesterday, Mieses beat Yates and Maroczy beat Louis in the Premier Tournament. In the junior tournament Drewitt beat Abraham, the boy computer.

Prince's Cup.—A challenge cup given by the Prince of Wales was at the Hackney Show at Doncaster yesterday won by Mr. Charles Woodall, of Hestle (Yorks) with Priory Surprise for the best stallion for breeding, April 4th horses.

NATION LOOKING TO CABINET TO END FARM STRIKE

Government Aid for Agriculture as Way Out of Disastrous Dispute.

EXCITING SCENES IN NORFOLK FIELDS

Raiding Band as Masters' "Last Straw"—Story of Pupils "Beaten with Cudgels."

So grave is the menace to the country's home-grown food supplies caused by the Norfolk farm strike, that the nation is demanding Government intervention to settle the dispute.

So far the Government has done nothing, despite the fact that neither side to the dispute is making exorbitant demands. A bonus, not exceeding 2s. a bushel on wheat, would enable the farming industry to tide over its present financial crisis.

Disturbances have been reported from several farms, and in one case it is alleged that farm pupils were beaten with cudgels.

DEARER BREAD MENACE EXECUTION OF PRELATE THAT MUST BE AVERTED. BY MOSCOW ORDERS.

Public Demand for Action to Safeguard Country.

FARM DISTURBANCES.

When is the Government going to intervene in the Norfolk farm strike, which threatens to spread to other eastern counties and seriously to diminish our home-grown food supplies?

The position is already one of grave menace to the nation's life. Should the dispute continue during the spring and summer, one of the perils the country might have to face is that of dearer bread.

Everybody therefore is looking to the Government to take the situation in hand at once. A policy of drift and inaction would certainly entail disastrous results not only to agricultural interests in Norfolk, but to the country in general.

It is high time for the Government to intervene.

Farmers in Norfolk are angry over the strike disturbances which occurred on four farms in the Weasenhams and Rougham area.

A band of about 150 strikers first went to Mr. Henry Overman's farm and ordered a number of pupils out of a field in which they were working. Eventually the strikers went away, but Mr. Overman, it is reported, was threatened by the strikers.

CUDGEL BATTLE STORY.

Then the strikers went to Mr. Gilbert Overman's farm. Here they tried to stop the men from working, but were prevented by the police. Subsequently the band visited Mr. Ringer's farm at Rougham. Here, it is alleged, four pupils, aged from eighteen to twenty, were beaten with cudgels. A wagon loaded with hay was held up and the horses turned out.

Next the strikers visited Mr. Keith's farm, and two labourers there were assaulted, but no serious injury was done.

In an interview yesterday Mr. Harry German, president of the Farmers' Union said: "Up to now the Labourers' Union have acknowledged that these young men pupils are not blacklegs. This is the last straw. If there were any weakened farmers, they will be firm now."

Labourers who were spoken to yesterday disapproved of violence.

Ex-Premier's Land Policy.—Mr. A. MacLaren, M.P., speaking yesterday at the Independent Labour Party's Conference, declared that Mr. Lloyd George told him that he was going back to the land question.

Mr. MacLaren said he believed that if the Labour Party did not take up a land policy they would have the Liberal Party doing so.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S BOY.

Poor Lads' Chance to Win £1,000 Farming Scholarship.

While the farming dispute is holding up agriculture to a considerable extent, the Ministry of Agriculture is inviting applications from promising sons of farm workers for a number of valuable farming scholarships.

The bright son or daughter of a ploughman or a cowman has the chance of:

£1,000 education in farming at any one of a number of leading universities (ten scholarships); or
A course of training worth £400 to £500 at an agricultural college (ten scholarships); or
A course worth £100 at a farm institute (150 scholarships).

Last year a poor farm boy won the gold medal of the East Anglian Farm Institute, and now has the chance of going to an agricultural college. At Aberystwyth University College a girl won the first place.

The total annual cost is £20,000; the money comes out of the final grant of £1,000,000 made to agriculture by the Government.

Soviet Shoots Coadjutor to Archbishop of Petrograd.

WORLD APPEAL FAILS.

WARSAW, Tuesday.

A telegram from Moscow states that Mgr. Budkiewicz was executed on March 31.

The condemned man was shot.—Reuter. Mgr. Budkiewicz, who was coadjutor to Mgr. Cieslik, Archbishop of Petrograd, was sentenced to death with the Archbishop.

When the latter's death sentence was commuted to ten years' solitary confinement that on his coadjutor was confirmed.

In executing Mgr. Budkiewicz the Soviet Government has flouted a world-wide appeal to save his life.

Great Britain, it is understood, presented a final appeal on his behalf to M. Chicherin.

It was pointed out in the appeal that the execution of the sentence would call forth horror and indignation which was hardly desirable even from the point of view of Russia's material interests, not to mention other considerations. Mgr. Budkiewicz was fifty-five years of age, and belonged to an old and wealthy Polish family.

He was Father Superior of the Church of St. Catherine at Petrograd, and the title of Prelate was conferred on him by the Pope for special services.

Archbishop Cieliak and Mgr. Budkiewicz and sixteen priests were tried in Moscow on three counts, the despoiling of the operating Church and State; opposing the requisition of Church treasures; and being responsible for agitation designed to provoke the closing of the churches.

SOVIET NOTE RETURNED.

Reply That Impugns Sincerity of British Government's Appeal.

According to information reaching London, the representative of the British Government in Moscow has received from the Russian Government a somewhat remarkable reply to the protests which he had made against the condemnation of the two prelates.

The reply, published in the Moscow Press, asserts the sovereign rights of Russia and qualifies as an unfriendly act interference with the operation of the law, "in order to protect spies and traitors."

It concludes with the following sentence: "If similar facts which have taken place in India and Egypt are taken into consideration, it is hardly possible to regard an appeal in the name of humanity and sacredness of life from the British Government as very convincing."

The representative of the British Government in Moscow returned this Note to the Russian Government, with a private letter to the effect that he is unable to accept it in its present form because it impugns the sincerity of an appeal emanating from His Majesty's Government.

RAIL STRIKE THREAT.

N.U.R. Await Reply on Shop Wage Issue—Teachers' Lock-Out?

Following the decision of the N.U.R. that if the railway companies press for a further wage cut for shopmen the national strike will be called, the union is waiting for the next move by the railway managers.

After many conferences, Lovestoft Education Committee and their teaching staff, to the number of 160, have failed to come to terms, and a lock-out is now regarded as inevitable.

The schools are due to reopen next Monday, and the committee have advertised for teachers, but it is not considered possible that a sufficient staff will be engaged in time for work to be carried on.



Dr. John Hutton, who succeeded Dr. Jowett at Westminster Chapel, Buckingham-gate.



Lady Helen Forbes is lying seriously ill with laryngitis at Hill House, Burton, Wiltshire.

TURKS' REPLY TO ALLIES' LATEST NOTE.

Reservations on Economic and Judicial Questions.

MURDERER'S FIGHT.

Turkey's reply to the latest Note from the Allies was dispatched yesterday, says a Reuter's telegram.

It accepts the proposal for a resumption of negotiations at Lausanne and suggests the date as April 15.

It is believed (says the Exchange) that the question of a Bulgarian Aegean Sea outlet is to come up again for consideration.

The Turks' reply, says Reuter, makes certain reservations regarding the economic and judicial questions.

The *Matin* emphasises that the future elections in Turkey will probably end in success for Mustapha Kemal Pasha. It is believed, however, that the foreign policy of the new Assembly would not differ much from the policies followed by the present Assembly. The Turkish people themselves will decide on peace or war.

FIERCE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Topal Osman, who was presumed to be the murderer of Ali Chukri Bey, Deputy for Trebizond in the Angora National Assembly, who disappeared mysteriously a few days ago, has been killed in an encounter with gendarmes, says a Reuter Constantinople message.

He apparently died gamely. A strong force of gendarmes surrounded the house where he was taking refuge with a bodyguard, and after a sharp engagement ten of his followers were killed or wounded, and Osman himself died from his wounds ten minutes after his capture. He will be exhibited in the National Assembly.

Prohibition is being strictly enforced in Turkey from to-day.

LORD CARNARVON WORSE.

Doctors Straining Every Nerve to Maintain Life.

CAIRO, Tuesday. At seven o'clock this evening Lord Carnarvon's condition was very grave. He is getting worse hour by hour.

Lord Carnarvon became suddenly worse about three o'clock this afternoon.

After a good night he became very ill this morning. The second lung is now affected and his condition is causing renewed anxiety. Lord Carnarvon's family physician is arriving to-day. Meanwhile the three doctors, Fletcher-Barrett, Phillips and Day, yesterday called in the French Dr. Lew for consultation.—Reuter.

The doctors, says a Central News telegram, are straining every nerve to maintain life.

GIRL'S SECRET "ARSENAL."

Troops Find Guns and Ammunition When They Raid Her House.

Free State troops raided a house in George's-place, Dublin, and arrested Josephine McGovern, who had in her possession two fully-loaded "Peter-the-Painter" revolvers, twenty rounds of ammunition and a Winchester rifle.

At the adjourned inquest at Ballinacorney, Corcoran, an irregular leader who was shot dead for refusing to remove barricades from a railway line, it was said that when given the order Corcoran went on his knees, made the sign of the Cross, and said he would rather be shot than shift the obstruction.

The sergeant who fired the shot said when he pulled the trigger he thought the rifle was loaded, and that he wanted to frighten Corcoran.

WASHED OFF THE "PROM."

English Woman and an American Rescue Seven Drowning Children.

PARIS, Tuesday. A gigantic wave swept the crowded promenade at Biarritz last night, carrying seven children into the sea.

An English woman and an American dashed into the water and brought the little ones ashore.—Exchange.

WOUNDED WOMAN ON EMBANKMENT MYSTERY.

Police Hunt for Another on Stabbing Charge.

TRAM QUEUE AFFRAY.

Cry of "I'm Dying!" Follows Impromptu Concert.

After a mysterious midnight stabbing affray on the Victoria Embankment, near Charing Cross Station, Scotland Yard detectives were yesterday searching for a woman who is wanted on the charge of attempted murder.

The victim was Mrs. A. Southwood, a pretty woman of about twenty-seven, of Queen's-street, Essex-road, Islington.

She is in Charing Cross Hospital suffering from a wound in the throat, but her condition is not considered serious.

It was while she was with a group of friends, waiting in the queue for an Islington tram, that Mrs. Southwood was suddenly attacked from behind by a woman, who was accompanied by another woman and two men.

STORY OF EYE-WITNESS.

Her husband told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that, although he was with the party, he did not see the attack.

"I was discussing motor-boats with a stranger," Mr. Southwood said, "when I saw my wife running across the road towards the tramway tunnel and screaming 'I'm dying! I'm dying!'"

"She was holding her hands to her throat, which was cut, and, after binding her up, I took her to Charing Cross Hospital."

Mrs. Osborne, of 9, Princess-street, Elephant and Castle, who was also a member of the party, stated that she saw the woman who made the attack before Mrs. Southwood was assaulted.

"There was a big crowd waiting for trams," she said, "and two men were playing concertinas. To help them a little, my husband sang a song or two and collected money for them in a hat."

The woman took off her hat and coat, gave them to one of the men, rushed up to Mrs. Southwood, and cut her throat with what looked like a razor."

POLICE DESCRIPTION.

Both the wound and a slit made in the right side of Mrs. Southwood's hat suggest that the attack was made with a razor.

Scotland Yard issue the following description of Mrs. Southwood's assailant, who is wanted on the charge of attempted murder:—

About thirty-five to thirty-seven, 5ft. 5in. tall, fair hair, pale complexion, thin face, prominent teeth, slim build, dressed in long blue serge coat and dark close-fitting hat. Clothing probably blood-stained. May be accompanied by a dark woman about forty and 5ft. 5in. high, wearing long black plush coat, and two men.

The mystery woman was unknown to any member of the party except Mr. Osborne, who says that he has seen her on several occasions, but does not know her name or address.

"It is certain that my wife did not know her," said Mr. Southwood. "I do not think she has an enemy in the world."

BURNING HOUSE LEAP.

Son's Efforts to Rescue Parents Trapped in Bedroom.

Exciting fire rescue scenes were witnessed in Sheffield.

Constable Goddard, who lives with his parents at Newburn-street, Tinsley, was awakened by a smell of burning.

He awakened his parents, and, climbing through the back window down a waterspout, aroused the neighbours and called for the fire brigade. Returning to the house, he attempted to go to his parents' rescue, but the staircase collapsed.

Firemen and neighbours held a blanket in the front garden and called to the elderly couple to come from the bedroom window.

Mrs. Goddard jumped first, but in falling struck the fencing and fractured her ribs. Mr. Goddard landed without injury.

BRITISH SHIP SEIZED.

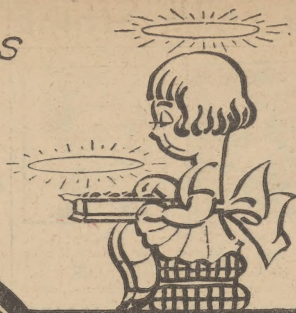
Hull Trawler Taken to Murmansk on Illegal Fishing Charge.

News has been received in London of the arrest by a Russian gunboat on March 31 of the British trawler James Johnson, which was intercepted near Sam Island, and taken to Murmansk, about fifty miles away.

The trawler, says a Hull message, was arrested on a charge of illegal fishing on the Murmansk coast. The vessel is owned by Mr. Johnson, of Scarborough, but is worked by a Hull firm and manned by a Hull crew.

The British light cruiser Godetia, dispatched to the Murmansk coast to protect British trawlers fishing there, took up her duties yesterday after the trawler's arrest.

The Goodness of Them!



Over the joy of the flavour there's the comfort of knowing that each Velvetbrown Choc. is a solid lump of goodness. Nothing made in Delectaland could be otherwise.

You can see the care taken in the shaping and wrapping—you can taste the care taken in the pleasantly puzzling centres; you can be certain there's just as much care in selecting the finest and purest materials.

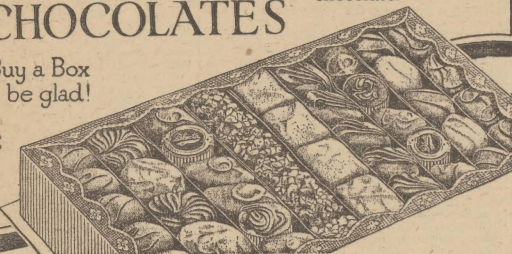
A last word about the price: pay more, and it goes on the wrapper—pay less, and it comes off the chocolate.

Delecta
VELVETBROWN
CHOCOLATES

Buy a Box
& be glad!

PLANTERS
PRODUCTS
LTD.,
Delectaland,
Watford,
England.

W.B. 6-55



The Zebra Head
is on the Tin.



**ZEBO is
my favourite**

because it *does* make
a grate bright and
black quickly and
easily. There is un-
failing satisfaction in
using

ZEBO

LIQUID GRATE POLISH.

It is made by the makers of
"Zebra" Grate Polishes, and
you know what this means
when there is blackleading to
be done.

Get a Tin of Zebo To-day.

RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL & LONDON.

ARE YOU NERVOUS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING DO YOU OFTEN STAY AT HOME

—and think how you would like to meet people, go to social gatherings and really enjoy yourself, but are deterred from doing so by that dreadful self-consciousness, shyness, blushing? A fatal handicap if you are ambitious. STOP! NOW is your opportunity to get the secret—Simple Home Cure in 7 days for ALL Nerve and Heart Weakness, Palpitation, Blushing, Lack of Confidence, Hot, Cold, Prickly Sensations, etc., Depression. The Cure is very simple. No auto-suggestion or drill! Write to-day, for full particulars will be sent free privately if you mention "Mirror."

E. M. DEAN, 12, All Saints' Road, St. Anne-on-Sea.

KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE

of Linseed, Aniseed, Sereno, Squill, Tolu, &c.

In each dose are concentrated the most valuable remedies known to medical and botanical science for Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, etc. Of over 40 years' proven efficacy.

Trade: "Linseed Compound." Mark

for COUGHS & COLDS

Dyspeptic Sleepless Depressed

Successful Treatment of
Severe Neurasthenia.

Mr. Green experienced a sudden and severe collapse. Neurasthenia developed and he suffered terribly from sleeplessness, indigestion and depression. However, as his signed statement shows, Dr. Cassell's Tablets have restored him to perfect health and strength.



Mr. J. Green.

Mr. Green's Signed Statement

Mr. J. Green, 35, Higher Parr Street, St. Helens, says:—"I am a practical watchmaker, and as a result of the strain of the war and overwork, I suffered a sudden collapse. I was more dead than alive. I can't describe my state of depression, but I felt as though my doom were sealed. Strength I had none, nor appetite, and my nerves were in a terribly weak state. I suffered from sleeplessness, indigestion, associated with pain and sickness, and I was so low-spirited that a funeral passing set my heart palpitating. I took plenty of medicine, but no good resulted. Then I started with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after a time began to feel better and brighter. My appetite improved. I pulled up lost weight, and now I am as fit and strong as ever I was in my life."

**TAKE TWO AT
BED-TIME,**
and note how well you
sleep, and how refreshed
and fit you feel in the
morning.

The Universal Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown, Anemia, Palpitation, Indigestion, Neurasthenia, Kidney Weakness, Spleenlessness, Children's Weakness, Nerve Pains, Headache, Wasting, Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

**Dr. Cassell's
Tablets**

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/6.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Buy FLAVOUR- at its lowest price

WHEN you buy sauce you are really buying flavour—flavour to make food more enjoyable, flavour to make more tempting meals.

When you buy the big 9d. bottle of

Yorkshire Relish

you actually obtain 2,400 drops of concentrated flavour. In no other way can you buy so much flavour for so little money—really the 9d. you spend is returned to you twenty times over in the better meals you and your family get. Ask your grocer for a bottle of Yorkshire Relish to-day—9d.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

Wash-tub disappointments are unknown with white Tarantulle. The new range of dainty, indelible colors offers the same dependable service. Name always on every yard of Selvedge.

TARANTULLE
THE WORLD'S ACCEPTED COTTON LINGERIE FABRIC

White: Standard 1/9, Fine 2/3, Superfine 2/9.
Colors: Fine Weight only, 2/6 per yard.
All 40 inches wide. A Tootal line.

PATTERNS FREE from Tootals, Dept. C20,
32, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.



Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1923.

HELP THE FARMER!

THE CASE FOR GOVERNMENT AID TO AGRICULTURE.

THE Government's attitude towards the grave agricultural crisis in the Eastern Counties is apparently the same as that it has chosen to adopt in face of all other difficult problems of the moment.

It is "benevolently impotent." It is vaguely sympathetic all round. But it manifests no intention to do anything, because it is afraid there is nothing to be done.

Perhaps we are meant to regard this as an application of the election doctrine of "tranquillity."

Unfortunately you do not secure tranquillity by sitting quite still and remarking that "it can't be helped."

The very point about the trouble in Norfolk is indeed that it *can* be helped and that it *should* be helped without delay, if grave harm is not to result before the autumn.

Things are not "tranquil" in Norfolk. Governments need not look for trouble abroad. But they should at least have a policy for dealing with it when it arises at home.

The Norfolk strike is clearly one of those cases when neither side is pressing exorbitant demands.

The labourers on whose hard physical toil so much of the health of the nation depends cannot be expected to work on a pittance far less than that accorded to the worst-paid city employee.

The farmers on the other hand have long been striving in vain to keep their heads above water.

In many cases they bought and stocked their farms in a period of inflated prices. Since then they have seen a progressive depreciation in the market value of their produce. For them, as for all of us, taxation is a heavy burden. The farmer's expenses are continually in excess of his receipts.

Yet obviously agriculture is a national industry. Our home-grown food supplies are a vital necessity. The war gave us there a warning no one should have forgotten. The policy of the future is to encourage, not to decrease, the area of land under cultivation. Yet now we are threatened with a great diminution of wheat growing and a consequent further dependence upon foreign supplies.

That in turn means huge payments for imported foodstuffs and a sense of deep insecurity in the event of their curtailment by troubled world conditions.

In these circumstances we heartily associate ourselves with the demand that the Government should *help in time*. An immediate bonus, not exceeding 2s. a bushel, on wheat would enable the farming industry to tide over the crisis.

We cannot understand the hesitation to grant this relief in a Government that thinks nothing of squandering millions in the effort to make Eastern deserts bloom for the benefit of Arabs.

SALARIES AND TAXES.

IT was stated yesterday that a man sued for non-payment of income tax had applied for a reduction of salary.

Perhaps not so uncommon a case as you may suppose! For there are many simple folk who yearn to sink into the care-free class "below the exemption limit." The more you earn, the more they take from you!—hard financial fact that is really a discouragement to "earning."

Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer will kindly take note in time.

Sir Robert Horne, whose excessive estimates have resulted in the present surplus, suggests that it should be devoted in part at least to the help of those who are driven to earn less in order that they may have less to pay. Never mind if special legislation is necessary for this unconventional policy! The taxpayer expects relief. W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

The Coming Budget—Liberals Unite!—The Decline of Family Life—Club Bores—Holiday Rest.

OVERTAXATION.

TRUE, it is that our surplus goes automatically to the redemption of debt. But the fact that there is such a surplus shows that we have been overtaxed. "Our Budgets are rich because our taxpayers are poor." The case for a further reduced income-tax is clear. Richmond. L. L. T.

FAMILY LIFE.

VERY possibly family life is declining because of the lack of sympathy between the old and the young. There is no idea amongst the young of any right the older people have to guard their comings and goings. Any interference is always regarded as a "tyranny." Parents therefore sink

LIBERAL REUNION.

YOUR suggestion about Liberal Reunion is sound. The rank and file are tired of quarrels. The only solution is for the rival leaders to stand aside and let some third man reconcile the party. A GENUINE LIBERAL.

THE RESTFUL HOLIDAY.

YOUR correspondent, "F. O. W. G." must be rather lazy. Instead of resting in bed he should have been up early and out in the country to fill his lungs with pure air, rather than breathe the stifling atmosphere of London, with all its crowds of sightseers. Nearly every morning during the holidays the weather was exceptionally bright and warm, and it was my ambition to get up and rush off to

"I NEED A REST": No. 7.—A DAY'S GOLF AT EASTER.



This, too, turns out to be rather more crowded than restful!

back upon themselves and give up trying to enter into the amusements of the young, who therefore prefer to take their holidays apart from the family. ONE OF SIX. Ramsgate.

SILENT CLUBS.

MANY of your readers who belong to clubs seem to find them homes of seclusion and rest—in fact, modern equivalents of the medieval monasteries. I, on the contrary, can never enter my club without being addressed by some bore, and held for a long while in conversation about politics. Will those who have silent clubs kindly give me their addresses, or perhaps propose me for the happy retreats in question? A BORED CLUBMAN.

MASTER OR MISTRESS?

WOMEN should certainly never be appointed to teach in boys' schools. They have little influence over growing schoolboys, and are invariably "ragged" by them. I remember looking over a school during the war where nearly all the teachers were women, and I was struck by the rudeness of most of the scholars towards their teacher.

These cheeky young boys would treat going to school as a "beast." They would eat sweets, write notes on scraps of paper, throw books at one another and so on. Women teachers like to call little schoolgirls by their Christian names, smack them very gently on the hand for punishment and give sweets to the best behaved child, etc. Such kindly treatment would hardly be suited to boys! OBSERVANT.

some seaside or country place. I craved for a walk across the downs of Sussex, and to hold the brisk air in the Beachy Head area, but alas, through lack of means, I had to be content to sit in my garden in a deck chair and read novels. A. B. B. Wimbledon.

IS "PAYING" AN ATTRACTION?

ON Monday the crush at the Zoo was terrific. At the northern entrance alone a queue four-deep extended for more than 300 yards. Inside one could only catch very short glimpses of sulking animals, and hot crowds wended their way very slowly between the cages. I noticed that the majority was composed of young people; and, also observing that Regent's Park was, comparatively speaking, not popular, I wondered whether having to pay to go into the Zoo proved the main attraction to young men who wanted to take their sweethearts out and wished not to appear stingy. SOLITARY. Portland-place.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 3.—Lavender is found in most gardens, but this beautiful shrub deserves to be more widely cultivated. A lavender hedge is a delightful feature and the grey foliage makes a charming background to red roses; therefore, let lavender be often seen in the rose garden. Lavender does well in ordinary soil, but one that is fairly light suits it best. The bushes may now be planted, and it is wise to cut them back after flowering if they are to be kept from becoming straggly. Cuttings may be inserted in sandy soil during the late summer. K. F. T.

SHOULD WE CHOOSE OUR OWN CAREERS?

PARENTS AS THE BEST GUIDES TO A PROFESSION.

By ALAN HARRIS.

SELF-DETERMINATION for children has lately become a sort of religion, and the idea of parents choosing their children's careers sounds almost blasphemous to modern ears. Several educational authorities have lately expressed that point of view. "Children must choose for themselves!"

A child (these wisacres go on) should be allowed to develop on the lines of its own individuality, and to choose the career for which its abilities suit it.

This would be very well in a well-regulated world; but, as it is, "openings" are governed by very complicated conditions, and there does not seem to be any law in these matters by which demand follows supply.

The unpleasant truth has to be faced that many children are forced, in the end, to work which is neither congenial nor particularly suitable to them. And things seem to be getting worse in this respect, especially for the "professional" classes.

For many of these children it would have been better had they been moulded in a definite pattern from an early age.

There is nothing to be gained by a superstitious reverence for liberty as such.

Parents may misunderstand their children, but they have a good chance of estimating the conditions which are going to mould their children's professional prospects.

This principle is not, of course, to be applied in a ruthless way.

Where a child shows a very marked special gift at an early age, it is better to give it every encouragement to develop, even at some slight economic risk; for in such cases nothing is more miserable than suppression.

THE "MOULDING" PROCESS.

But the majority of children have no special dominant talent.

For these it may often be best to bring them up to some definite and assured pattern, as, for instance, their father's business.

Otherwise they may simply drift into the idea that they want to adopt a profession which is either hopelessly overcrowded or unsuited to their positions.

Fear of responsibility no doubt makes many parents leave their children a free choice. Modern children are openly critical, and their parents are afraid of being blamed in case of failure. For this reason it is important that the moulding process should go on imperceptibly, which means starting at an early age.

This may seem a rather cynical plan, and perhaps possibilities would occasionally be wasted. But are the few successes of the haphazard system worth its many failures? Arranged to careers, like arranged marriages, conduce to a higher general level of contentment.

Present conditions at the Bar are an excellent illustration.

It is one of the most overcrowded of the professions, as was shown the other day by the rush of applications for the very moderately-paid post of magistrate in a small island near the West Indies.

Most briefless barristers would have been equally suitable for other professions where the chance of success is much greater, if they had been "caught" young enough.

By Appointment.

SEND YOUR CARPETS TO PULLAR'S

PULLAR'S process ensures thorough cleaning on both sides. All embedded dirt and unsightly stains are removed, and the original freshness and colour restored. Fitted carpets are cleaned or dyed without unpeeling and shrinkage avoided. Patterned carpets can be dyed self colour to match window hangings.

Send to any Pullar Branch or Agency or post direct to Perth, the seat of cleaning and dyeing experience. Pullar's advise you of the cost of cleaning and pay return postage.

Pullars of Perth

CLEANERS & DYERS



The Parisienne motors enwrapped in a lace shawl that gives the Egyptian touch.

A CHEAP LUXURY. A RECOMPENSE FOR THE ECONOMIES OF THE NEW POOR.

WITH the many labour-saving devices invented to come to the aid of the housewife, the washing of fragile garments at home is daily becoming more universal. The laundry high charges have driven the "New Poor" to the washtub!

There are advantages for undertaking the labour; the obvious one is that your "dainties" are not torn or lost. But there is another that appeals to all women—a faint, delicate odour of perfume. The saturation of handkerchiefs with strong scent is abhorred by women of good taste, but the aroma that just makes itself known in an undefinable manner is dear to the female heart.

It is so easy when washing to attain this delight. Procure an ounce or so of essential oil from the chemist, the perfume you prefer. Violet oil is very hard to procure, and expensive. Geranium is delicious, and so strong that a mere drop is needed, but that is too, on the dear side. Lavender—beloved!—all—is much cheaper, and the refreshingness—economically strong—is the cheapest of all.

Insert the bottle a sprinkler-top. When washing delicate lingerie, or handkerchiefs, use good white Windsor, castile or flaked soap, and rub the soap with the oil when making a lather. Wash in this scented lather. When it comes to rinsing, shake a little scented oil into each rinsing. The extra expense of using this sweet perfumed oil hardly makes itself felt, and the result is very luxurious. A shake of the sprinkler-topped bottle into a hot bath, and then to don the fragrantly-washed, clean lingerie is one of the most comforting things to an over-tired person.

RENOVATION HINTS.

THIS YEAR'S FASHIONS MAKE THEM EASIER THAN USUAL.

MADAME La Mode has been kind to us this year!

The actual shape of our frocks have not altered much—and new ideas on an old basis can easily make your last year's river or garden party gown unrecognisable—or nearly!



You can transform a last year's blouse by a lace-trimmed sleeves.

The kerchief, of course, is a boon, and so is the berthe. You can get rid of your sleeves and disguise the fact that the bodice was cut to include them by a fascinating berthe of lace or net or georgette. If you want to keep your sleeves, trim them to match the berthe.

Then there is the craze for an inserted accordion-pleated panel of vivid hue or hues in the side of a plain "tricot" or

frock. Just a line of the same colour at the neck completes the scheme.

Dream Hats and Reality

A HOPE THAT IS SELDOM REALISED.

EVERY woman feels that some day she will find the dream hat. It may be waiting just round the corner in some shop yet undiscovered. Or it may be that the quest will go on for weeks, or months, or years.

But one day she will find the hat which will make life a roseate thing until it wears out. But nothing can give the same poise as the dream hat. To wear it is to be a success. Her whole being will radiate charm.

A decent balance at the bank gives a comfortable air of assurance to many men. Silk stockings—not the half and half sort—bring a blissful sense of well-being to most women. But nothing can give the same poise as the dream hat. To wear it is to be a success.

"How well you are looking to-day!" your friends say. You know that it is the hat.

All the same, you are well. No one could be ill in the dream hat.

It conjures up thoughts of soft music, scents of flowers shaded lights, and the spring.

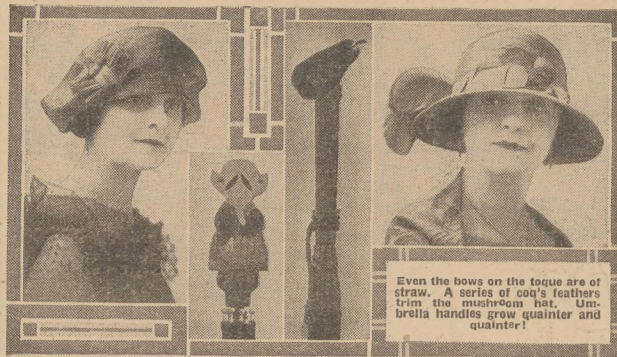
What may not one accomplish in such a hat! What adventures may not happen.

The hat must be subtle in conception. It must have enough colour to bring out the light in your eyes, but not too much to deaden the colour of your hair. The lines must be good and accord with the contour of your face. Light and fanciful, there must be in it a hint of something a little provocative, a fantasy one could never associate with jet and bugles. And it must be different from those worn by your friends, yet resemble them sufficiently to assure the observer that the hat is the product of an up-to-date salon.

It must be a hat that eludes definition—that cannot be described in plain English, but needs a French phrase or two to explain it—and then is only half explained.

But where is the dream hat? Ah, if one only knew! Somehow it still eludes one's search. Time is getting on. A hat you must have for springtime, and so you must be content with the second best. But this time, and this time only.

Next time you will find the dream hat.



LIFT UP YOUR EYES.

YOU'LL FIND IT CURES DEPRESSION.

THE old psalmist was talking real common sense—as so many of the prophets did—when he sang, "Lift up your eyes unto the everlasting hills."

We modern people are too fond of keeping our eyes on the ground and, if we are town dwellers, we miss a lot of beauty as well as doing an injustice to our sight.

There is beauty in chimney pots—London chimney pots, at any rate, since they are of every shape and size and cut the sky line into fantastic patterns. And the glimpses of sky between the roofs is often a thing of rare delight. In any broad thoroughfare it is possible to practise looking at things a long way off; if you never do this you soon lose the long-distance sight of the savage.

And looking upward, if only because lifting your chin straightens your chest and lets more air into your lungs, is a cure for "the hump." Try it!

THOSE OPEN WINDOWS.

SOLVING THE SMUT DIFFICULTY.

IF you are a town dweller, you probably find great difficulty in making your servant keep the windows open. If you have had to keep the house clean yourself you'll understand why.

It's smuts, blacks, dust—but, above all, smuts.

They will come in with the town air, and fall on clean paint and bright cretonne! And when they are wiped off with the ordinary duster they leave a smear of grease!

You can prevent their entry, however, if you get your carpenter to make a frame of three-ply wood and cover it with butter muslin—which can be dyed, of course, any colour you please. The frame can be hung against the opening, and will keep out all the blacks and most of the dust.

When you have windows open at the top the muslin can just be fixed with large drawing pins.

THE GARDEN HOUSE TO-DAY.

NEW NOTIONS FOR THE OPEN-AIR LIFE.

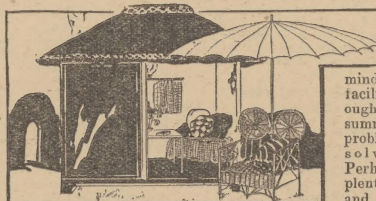
THE garden house to-day is a very different affair from the "summer house" of years ago, which was a draughty and leaky, if picturesque affair.

The "summer house" of to-day can be furnished, since its roof is waterproofed and its walls, if thin, are wind proof.

The most up-to-date affairs have been built on the Japanese plan, every wall consists of panels, which slide, one behind the other, and can be taken right away, if need be. So, from whichever quarter the wind may blow, protection is assured, and you may follow the sun from East to West.

The furniture is different, too. Gone the "deck-chair," undecorative. Strong wicker

furniture, a built-in cupboard, to hold materials for tea-making, a table on which you may work if you feel inclined—all these go in the modern summer house, if its owners have utilitarian



Sliding doors and a curtained window are features of the new summer house.

minds. Whether facilities for work ought to invade the summer house is a problem each must solve for herself. Perhaps a divan, plenty of cushions and no other furniture is best, since in a garden other growths than those in the vegetable world should happen—growths of the soul that solitude encourages and growths of understanding that leisure alone can bring about. Work in a garden should be of the manual variety only.



And adopts an Egyptian graping for her lovely evening wrap.

SILK STOCKINGS.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PROLONG THEIR UTILITY?

SILK stockings are a luxury which most women permit themselves nowadays, but, as I heard a girl complaining the other day, "They are expensive, not because of their price, but because there is so little wear in them."

But of course you won't get service out of even a good pair of silk stockings if you don't take proper care of them. So many girls are careless in the way they put on and take off their stockings. The safest way to put on delicate stockings is to turn them inside out and fold back the toe, then gently pull them up. In taking them off don't tug at them; roll them gently down the leg.

Never put a pair of silk stockings away in a drawer after you have worn them once. Hang them up to air; even the slightest moisture from the foot left to dry into the silk rots it.

When washing them have the water warm and sudsy, with a teaspoonful of ammonia added. Don't rub the stockings; squeeze them well in the soapy water and rinse in warm clear water, to which a touch of ammonia has been added; squeeze them as dry as possible, then hang them up, if possible in the open air, but wherever you hang them pull the sides of the foot gently apart, so that the air can get into it. The best way to iron silk stockings is to put the hand down the inside, drawing it away before the iron; this avoids creases forming down the sides.

Keep silk stockings carefully mended; a thin place or the slightest thread caught means a ladder before you know what has happened.

The advantage of having really good silk stockings is that they will stand refooting later on; round about five shillings is the usual charge for this.

KITCHEN PRIDE.

NEATNESS FOR ALMOST NOTHING.



THE kitchen, said a wise woman once, is the key to the house. It is true, too. The housewife who takes a pride in her kitchen will probably be "house-proud" to good purpose.

But handsome kitchen receptacles cost money. Perhaps you cannot afford a row of spotless white jars with neat black lettering for your cereals and tea and coffee and other "dry" goods. It does not matter. A few quite ordinary glass jars with lids or some tins and bottles can be transformed with a little patience and eighteen-pennyworth of aluminium paint. If you paint ordinary tins with it they will not rust. Then in your best script writing, put "Tea" or "Coffee" or "Rice" across in black enamel.



Lord Dyrnvor, is among the Easter visitors to Eastbourne.



Lady Greville, with her family, has gone to Cannes.

ELASTIC EASTER.

Notes from Paris—Tree-top Wireless—Heir to Millions.

THIS CITY was only half-full yesterday. There is a tendency to make Easter an elastic holiday, and a great many business people have been tempted by the sunshine to remain out of town for some days longer. The benefit of the holiday has in numerous cases been counteracted by a curious epidemic of colds, which may, as some suggest, be due to the visit of a germ, but is more likely to be due to injudicious "casting of clouts."

Aerial in Crow's Nest.

There has been great wireless activity during Easter. Many people spent the holiday experimenting with their sets, and I myself came across some odd manifestations of the craze. At Maidenhead, for instance, Lord Mandeville was up at the very top of a tall tree with an aerial trying to "pick up" Glasgow. Mr. Davy Burnaby was on the ground waiting to pick up his lordship should the crow's nest, which was composed of very slender branches, suddenly collapse.

To-day's Wedding.

The Duchess of Grafton will hold the reception at Euston Hall after the wedding to-day of the Hon. Isolda Borthwick and Captain George Cooper at the Church of St. Genevieve, Euston. Madonna lilies, I am told, will form a novel girdle to the bride's white gown.

Wedding Gown Fashion.

There is much speculation, I hear, as to what Miss Alethea Langdale will wear at her wedding to Lord Manton—which has been postponed from the 10th to the 18th of this month. Her sister, when she married Lord Fitzalan's son, was daring enough to wear an entire golden get-up, bridal veil included! It was very gorgeous, but just a little unbridal!

At Reigate Priory.

Lord and Lady Beatty are back at Hanover Lodge after having spent Easter at Reigate Priory, where they had Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone and Mr. Charles Edmonstone and his fiancée, Miss Field, staying with them. Reigate Priory used to belong to the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville before she bought Polesden Lacey, the late Sir Clinton Dawkins' pretty place, which lies between Bookham, Leatherhead and Dorking.

Shakespeare Revivied.

I hear that Mr. Lunacharsky, the Soviet Minister of Fine Arts, has undertaken to revise the works of Shakespeare, in order to "dethrone the idol of bourgeois literature." I have no difficulty in believing that students who read our national poet's works in that revised version, whether they belong to the bourgeoisie or not, will find it hard to understand why they have been so admired.

Richest Baronet.

On April 26 Sir John and Lady Ramsden's elder son, Mr. John Ramsden, is twenty-one. He is heir to vast wealth, Sir John Ramsden probably being the richest baronet in the kingdom. Certainly his grandfather, the late Sir John, possessed this distinction. The Ramsdens have very extensive estates in several English counties, not to mention a big area in the Highlands, including Ardvreckie, a splendid deer forest.

Land Lord.

The family's favourite residence is Bulstrode Park, Bucks, which Sir John inherited from his mother, Lady Guendolen, an heiress daughter of the twelfth Duke of Somerset. Sir John owned a large part of the land upon which Huddersfield is built, but he sold it for about £1,300,000, and on the principle of "to him that hath," the last Lord Muncaster left him in 1917 Muncaster Castle and estates in Cumberland.



Lady Ramsden.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Duchess Without "Frills."

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn are at their Irish seat in Co. Tyrone just now. They are a most popular couple in that part of the Emerald Isle, for the Duke is a genial person, and his Duchess has no "frills" on her. Their daughter Katherine is to be one of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's bridesmaids.

Loss to Wales.

The death of Lady Llangattock robs Wales of one of its most interesting personalities, a most generous benefactor to all charitable organisations. Although not of Welsh extraction, Lady Llangattock threw her wonderful energies into the Welsh Crafts school movement, which she pioneered from small beginnings to great successes. She also took great interest in Welsh folk songs.

Lullendean.

Lady Jan Hamilton is off to Hyères. Her health is now much better, and it is hoped she will be able to put in some time this season at her artistic home in Hyde Park-gardens. Sir Ian is very partial to his country home, where he does a good deal of farming. It rejoices in the peaceful and restful name of Lullendean, Dornmanskland—and used to belong to Mr. Winston Churchill.

"Love Lyrics" Film.

Mr. Owen Nares' next film appearance will be in a picture based on the "Indian Love Lyrics," in which he plays the part of a Prince Zahardin. The heroine will be Miss Malvina Longfellow. For accurate "local colour" extensive researches have been made in the Indian department of the South Kensington Museum. The famed lady with "pale hands pink tipped" is to be the "vamp" of the story.



Miss Longfellow.

Dickens in Curtains.

On Sunday next at the King's Hall the Interlude Players will give a new version of "Nicholas Nickleby," and it will have the novelty of being presented without scenery, curtains forming the background. The cast contains such well-known people as Miss Fairbrother and Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. The performance is designed to benefit the Kinema Club.

Parcels for the Ruhr.

Although he is not actually at war, the French soldier on the Ruhr does not have too pleasurable a time, and already there is a movement in France (my correspondent tells me) for "godmothers" to adopt lonely soldiers. A newspaper is organising a service of weekly parcels of delicacies, and the man on the Ruhr front is to be regarded as a hero none the less because there is no fighting.

The Naked Man.

I can find a precedent for this story of a wild man wandering naked in the woods of Berkshire. Once upon a time an adventurous American undertook to spend a week in this condition, sleeping on the ground and living on roots and nuts, in the forests of Maine. He won his bet; but he vowed that all the gold in the United States would not tempt him to repeat the experience.

Art Enthusiasm.

I discovered a genuine art enthusiast among the holiday crowd of sightseers at St. Paul's Cathedral. He had been gazing fixedly for some moments at the stately retables which surmount the high altar, when, turning to his companion, he remarked, with evident appreciation: "I say, that must have cost 'em a lot of money!"

Thackeray and the Zoo.

The Zoo, which was visited by over 60,000 people on Monday, was a favourite resort of Thackeray. "If I have cares on my mind," he wrote, "I come to the Zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate; I recognise my friends, my enemies, in countless cages."

Jock Troupe Again.

I hear that Jock Troupe, whose revivalist efforts caused something of a sensation last year, is again at work trying to start another revival. Aided by a Scottish Baptist minister, he has been partly successful in the fishing village districts, but the enthusiasm of 1922 has not yet been repeated.

Elinor Glyn "Lionised."

Elinor Glyn is back in Paris from her visit to Denmark, where she has been "lionised." She says that while she had a fine time at Copenhagen, where she had lunch with the King, she was the whole time longing for Paris, the exciting air of the French capital, she is reported as saying, being "essential" for her work.

Votes for Widows.

French suffragists are not despairing of obtaining votes for women, although the proposal was rejected by the Senate some time ago. A new proposal is being brought forward, my Paris correspondent tells me, according to which the vote would be granted to war widows only.

Dogs Bemused?

Is the rush of modern life too much for the dog? In a single journey by road to Brighton I saw three dogs run over by cars; the driver being less at fault than the dogs, which darted suddenly from the side of the road under the wheels of the cars, which were travelling slowly. Dogs do not seem to appreciate the danger of the road.

Chatsworth House Party.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are entertaining a house party at Chatsworth for Easter week. Among the guests are Prince Paul of Serbia, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hartington, Lady Maud Mackintosh, the Ladies Rachel and Anne Cavendish, Lord Charles Cavendish and the Hon. Evan Baillie. The Duke and Duchess, with the house party, attended the Flag Steeplechases yesterday.

"No Place Like Home."

Lord Loreburn, who celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday yesterday, cherishes a warm affection for the parish of Monswald, in Dumfriesshire, with which his family have been connected for many generations. "I can truly say," he once observed, "that there has not been one day of my life when I have been away from here that the thought of Dumfriesshire has not been in my mind."



Miss Cicely Marriot, to marry the Bishop of Derby's son at Oxford Cathedral on June 7.



The Duchess of Abercorn, with the Duke, is staying at their seat in Co. Tyrone.

"Fashionable" Ambassador.

Mme. Merry del Val has returned from her visit to Spain and with the Spanish Ambassador has been passing Easter with Lord and Lady Islington at Rushbrooke Hall. The Merry del Vals are the most "fashionable" among the Corps Diplomatique, and there is no party complete without them; the Spanish Ambassador appears to go everywhere, and attends everything from private views to lectures on almost any subject—and is an excellent after-dinner speaker himself.

Table Tennis Boom.

The table tennis world is having an orgy of contests just now. To-night and to-morrow night the official championships of the Table Tennis Association will be held at the Stadium Club, by permission of the management. To-night's contests will be witnessed by the experts only, but to-morrow the public will be admitted by ticket. These matches are, of course, quite distinct from *The Daily Mirror* Championships.

British Professor for Harvard.

I understand that Sir Harold Stiles, Professor of Clinical Surgery in Edinburgh University, is now on his way to Boston to take the place for a fortnight of Dr. Harvey Cushing, Professor of Surgery at Harvard University. Dr. Cushing is generally recognised as the leading neurological surgeon, and he has 170 beds under his care at this famous school of surgery. The visit may prove a precedent for subsequent exchanges between the medical schools of the two countries. Sir Harold Stiles is a native of Spalding.

THE RAMBLER.



Good Health means Good Looks

ROSY cheeks, clear skin, bright eyes—these are the sure signs of health. You can always see fitness and joy of life reflected in beautiful smiling faces.

Hall's Wine brings Health and Beauty

If your blood is poor, and your nerves are "strung up" your looks will suffer. You need Hall's Wine. Begin to take this great tonic now and you will be surprised how soon you will feel well—and look well.

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PRINCESS MARY PRESENTS GOLD CUP



Princess Mary presents to Mr. Henrichsen the gold cup for the champion of the Doncaster Hackney Show. She and Lord Lascelles (left) spent some time on the ground yesterday.



Mrs. Maitland, who won the championship and a first prize for driving, pins on her badge in the ring.



Miss Fletcher driving Angram Express, a fine mover, in the novice class.



AN ADOPTION.—A Somers' Town cat, which has made a pet of the chicken, sharing its basket. Both parties highly approve the arrangement, as it would appear.—(Daily Mirror.)



HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.—Mr. Otto Wagner, who is five feet six inches in height, with his daughter, Miss "Londy" Wagner, who at twenty-three years of age has attained an altitude of seven feet four inches.

TITLED JOCKEY



Sir Wilfrid Lawson (left), who rode his own horse, Applejack II., and finished fourth in the Hunts Challenge Cup at the Carlisle Steeplechases.



THE VICTOR.—How a winner looks. Williams equals school record in winning 220 yards final, first division senior at Douai School Sports, Woolhampton, near Reading. Is he happy about it?

NEW CAM



An unconventional photo is examining the camera going



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN INFLUENCES.—Left, a "Sphinx" hat in almond straw and black cloth. Bands of cloth and straw combined give the striped at sides and over crown. Centre, a side view of the same model, showing

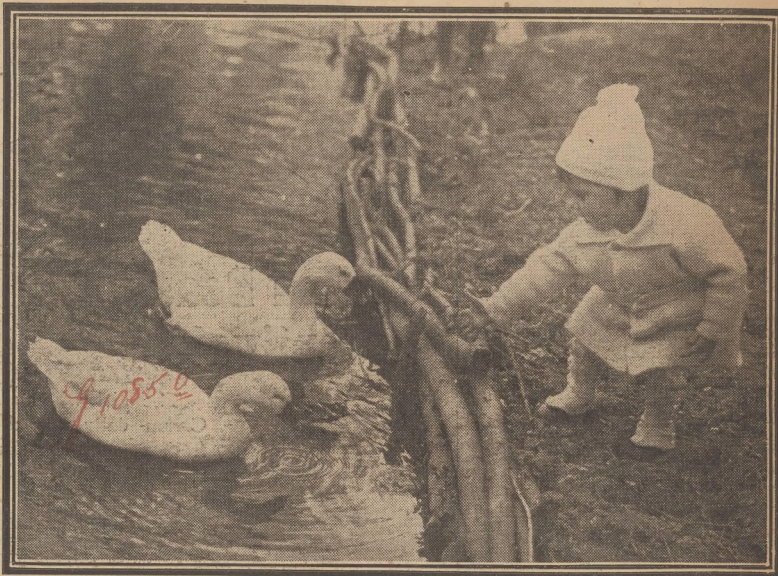
PORTRAIT

CLERGY BEATEN

BABY HAS BROKEN HIS EASTER EGG



A score in the Rugby match yesterday between the Clergy and the London Referees at Twickenham. The Referees won by eighteen points to six.



Baby makes friends with two pretty white ducks in Kew Gardens. Perhaps he has broken his Easter egg and gives offerings in hopes of another.



BANKRUPT?—Miss Edith Day, the actress, who has filed her petition for bankruptcy, as reported from New York. Liabilities are stated to exceed £3,000—assets understood to be about £50.

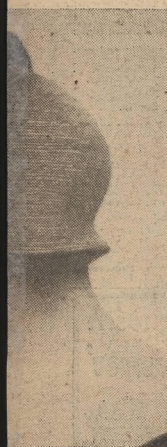


DEBRIS OF HOLIDAYS.—Two gardeners at the Zoo clearing up scraps of newspaper and luncheon bags left by the holiday crowds. Theirs is a long task, but one to which they are used.



HUNT STEEPLECHASING.—The Countess of Brecknock and the Hon. Charles Rhys at the Eridge Hunt Steeplechase meeting held at Steel Bridge Farm, Eridge.

Portrait of Cardinal Logue. He is at Portadown before the Easter holiday.



Draw and cloth appear at back and front respectively. Right, a "curled horn" headress carried out in pleated golden-brown taffeta. Old Egypt is inspiring many modes just now, and these are among the most attractive.



Miss Kitty Price on Bunty surmounts a formidable obstacle in first-class style.



Pogo taking his mistress over the wall in the jumping competition.

WOMEN AT HORSE GYMKHANA.—Several women riders did well at the Wisborough Green and Loxwood Horse Gymkhana. This was a successful event in the Horsham district of Sussex.

Icilma Beauty Captivates

The girl who uses Icilmia Cream daily has the clear, fresh complexion that is admired by all. Her Beauty is *natural* beauty and wherever she goes she captivates.

Icilmia Cream, the world-famed aid to beauty, is so different from all others. It vanishes—better than vanishing cream—cools, refreshes and clears the skin—is fragrant with the fascinating elusive Icilmia Floral Bouquet Perfume, and forms a splendid base for powder. Especially Icilmia Bouquet Face Powder.

Ilclma Cream is the ONE Cream your skin needs "day or night." After all, two creams are unnecessary in this country where refined English-women pin their faith to perfect skin cleanliness (good soap and water) and a suitable toilet cream such as Ilclma.

Men find it useful after shaving.

The pure tin cap on the world-famous green glass jar is necessary with such a delicate product as Iclima and much more costly than fancy caps. We are the only makers in the world selling a Cream of such refinement that the tinfoil, nickelled, polished or aluminium caps are useless to us. There's a reason for the pure tin cap.

Icilma Cream

(Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.)

Price 1/3 per pot:
Large size 2/-; Powder 1/3
Of Chemists—everywhere.

*Use it daily and
look your best*

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PERSONAL.

OLD Highgate Green meet X who sitting next tube
Thursday evening alighted Tufnell Park, address
"Walling," G.P.O.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with
electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Gran-
ville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12. Min. Tube.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair cured by original method, call or
write; home treatment; 12s. 6d.; sample, 2s.—Helen
Lawrence 167, Kensington High-street.

DANCING, WHIST DRIVES, ETC.

KING'S HALL, Shepherd's Bush.—Dancing, 7.30-11.30, 2s.; Sats, 3s.; open 6th April, 7.30.

ICAL INSTRUMENTS

CHAS. STILLS AND CO.—Pianos by high-grade makers, new and second-hand, for sale, hire or hire-purchase; inspection invited.—74-76, Southampton-row, W.C.1
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new and second-hand; best material
Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate

AVIARIES, POULTRY, AND PETS.
[A]FRICAN Grey Parrots, talking, £7 10s.; Amazon
 Parrots, talking 70s.; Young Talking Parrots and
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Spicy-fruits and Fruity-spices are blended most enticingly to an ideal consistency. Their wholesome quality makes GORDON healthful. Their piquancy makes GORDON delicious. Prepared by E. MANWARING LTD., of Peckham, famed for over 60 years for their delicious Sauces and Pickles.



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ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL
 Bats; 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 5 lines.
 Baby's Bed, greatly reduced price; ask free—
 Bolton, 408, King's Rd., London, W. 5.
BEDSTEADS Bedding—Why pay shop prices? Newcas-
 ter, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000, 1002, 1004, 1006, 1008, 1010, 1012, 1014, 1016, 1018, 1020, 1022, 1024, 1026, 1028, 1030, 1032, 1034, 1036, 1038, 1040, 1042, 1044, 1046, 1048, 1050, 1052, 1054, 1056, 1058, 1060, 1062, 1064, 1066, 1068, 1070, 1072, 1074, 1076, 1078, 1080, 1082, 1084, 1086, 1088, 1090, 1092, 1094, 1096, 1098, 1100, 1102, 1104, 1106, 1108, 1110, 1112, 1114, 1116, 1118, 1120, 1122, 1124, 1126, 1128, 1130, 1132, 1134, 1136, 1138, 1140, 1142, 1144, 1146, 1148, 1150, 1152, 1154, 1156, 1158, 1160, 1162, 1164, 1166, 1168, 1170, 1172, 1174, 1176, 1178, 1180, 1182, 1184, 1186, 1188, 1190, 1192, 1194, 1196, 1198, 1200, 1202, 1204, 1206, 1208, 1210, 1212, 1214, 1216, 1218, 1220, 1222, 1224, 1226, 1228, 1230, 1232, 1234, 1236, 1238, 1240, 1242, 1244, 1246, 1248, 1250, 1252, 1254, 1256, 1258, 1260, 1262, 1264, 1266, 1268, 1270, 1272, 1274, 1276, 1278, 1280, 1282, 1284, 1286, 1288, 1290, 1292, 1294, 1296, 1298, 1300, 1302, 1304, 1306, 1308, 1310, 1312, 1314, 1316, 1318, 1320, 1322, 1324, 1326, 1328, 1330, 1332, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1340, 1342, 1344, 1346, 1348, 1350, 1352, 1354, 1356, 1358, 1360, 1362, 1364, 1366, 1368, 1370, 1372, 1374, 1376, 1378, 1380, 1382, 1384, 1386, 1388, 1390, 1392, 1394, 1396, 1398, 1400, 1402, 1404, 1406, 1408, 1410, 1412, 1414, 1416, 1418, 1420, 1422, 1424, 1426, 1428, 1430, 1432, 1434, 1436, 1438, 1440, 1442, 1444, 1446, 1448, 1450, 1452, 1454, 1456, 1458, 1460, 1462, 1464, 1466, 1468, 1470, 1472, 1474, 1476, 1478, 1480, 1482, 1484, 1486, 1488, 1490, 1492, 1494, 1496, 1498, 1500, 1502, 1504, 1506, 1508, 1510, 1512, 1514, 1516, 1518, 15

DAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS

NORFOLK Broads Holidays.—300 Furnished Yachts, etc., for Hire; 180-page list free, post 3d.—A. Blake's, 22, Newgate-street, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH.—Buy direct to secure quality and variety; special family parcels 4s., cge. pd., cleaned; Lists Free; trade supplied.—Star Fish Co., Grimsby.

SITUATIONS VACANT
to sell Ladies' Hosiery, good

EXPERIENCED Domestic Servants Wanted for Ontario, Canada; situations guaranteed; good wages; the whole passage money will be advanced as a loan where necessary.—Apply Ontario Government Office, 163, Strand, London, W.C.2.

spare time, etc. stop.—Way, J.,
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(2) Parents and Guardians—The London Telegraph Training College, Ltd., Dept. G-1, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. Offers training for boys in various services and positions obtained; moderate fees.—Apply for prospectus, Dept. DM 262, Earl's Court Rd., S.W.3.

(3) To £25 per week can be earned; no experience needed; 8 hours work; 100% satisfaction guaranteed; wonderful profits; active position; either sex; whole or spare time; elegant sample book free.—Dept. 65, Manufacturing Art Stationery Co., 26, Blackfriars-st., Manchester.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

DIRTY Weirpoorps cleaned, retinted to original tawny shade and reproofed; Ladies 7s 6d., Gent's 8s. 6d.; Trench Coats 9s. 6d.; Franco-Barbe treatment restores the original smartness and liven shade—not the usual streaky washed-out look; post parcel to-day; return postage is paid; send for Fleur-de-Lys interesting card, 10s. each, giving full details of our hair cleaning, dyeing, and repairing of suits, costumes, etc.—Address Dept. M.R., Castlebank, Rovers, Annies and, Glasgow.

ECZEMA, Pruritis, all Skin Diseases, quickly and permanently cured, when all other treatments have failed. Write for free particulars, proofs and testimonials to J. G. Wilkinson, M.P.S., Chemist, 19, Talbot-st. Batley.

FASCINATING long silky eyelashes make a plain face really attractive; send 3s. for a tube of Nassau-lene to D. M. Sey-Mar Mfg. Co., 32, Nassau-st. Dublin. Plain

GOUTRE, Enlarged Glands, Testis and Tumours quickly and permanently cured without operation; testimonials, proofs and advice free.—**W. Duncan, M.H. Specialist**
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HOW To Stop Smoking.—Genuine remedy; booklet free.—Stanley Institute (D.M.), Racton-rd, London, S.W.6. **TAX** is worth getting when there is cleaning to be done.—Booklet 3d. packet it has become the world's Best.

Washing Powder for all purposes; put it on your shopping list; from Grocers, Stores and Oilmen.

S and moles from face.—Terese, 11, New Bond-st. W.

£100 SINGING, £50 Piano Competitions.—Prospectus.
Clifton C. Ck. 26d Gullford-st. W.C.1

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SHERLEY'S 'Shampoo'

Kills all germs and insects.
Thoroughly cleanses the coat
and gives it a healthy and

Of all Chemists and Corn Merchants.
16 and 32 sizes

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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

WE GO MOTORING.

In the Country.
EAR BOYS AND GIRLS,
—It has been such splendid outdoor sort of weather this Easter that I dare say many of you have hardly the patience to read a letter! Anyhow, I expect you can all spare a few minutes at breakfast-time to read this, so—here goes.
We have all had a most exciting car ride to-day. I drove the car and felt very important as I sat at the wheel. "May I blow the horn when you want it, Uncle?" asked Pip. I agreed that he might, so long as he didn't interfere with my driving.
"Can I do something, Uncle?" crooned

home. "What a lovely day it has been," I was saying. "Not a single thing—"
Bang!
We bumped along for some yards.
"Your front tyre has burst," said Horace, pointing to it.
I tried to wither Horace with a glance. Fortunately it did not take long to put on the spare wheel, and off we went again. I was wondering what the next unlucky thing would be when Horace leant forward and shouted "Stop!"
"Stop!" I cried. "What for?" I was still travelling at a good speed.
"Well, I think you had better stop," cried Horace, calmly. "Wilfred has fallen out!"
It was quite true. We raced back and found Wilfred sitting on the roadside. He was "boohooing" a little, but was quite unhurt.
Your affectionate Uncle Dick.

PETS AND THEIR WAYS.

A Few Hints About Your Little Favourites.

MORE trouble this week in the pet world! Over the Easter I have had quite a budget of letters about cats and dogs and mice and other creatures. Some, I am afraid, are not at all well. Let me see if I can help you.
Harold, Woking.—I'm sorry your little mouse is not well. I should rub some more ointment on her ears. You can't do anything else. Soak the bread in milk instead of water, and she will thrive better.
Joan Hall, Southampton.—I'm afraid I don't know anyone who has a "man Persian cat" for sale. I should ask at some animal shop, or put an advertisement in your local paper.
Geoffrey, Bexhill.—Sorry to hear that your goldfish nearly choked itself. Did it swallow some scalding tea, or did bread-crumbs get stuck in its throat? Squeak wants to know if you patted its back to make it better!
Doris, Shepherd's Bush.—Feed your tortoise on lettuce, dandelions and almost any greenstuff, and occasional saucers of milk. It is not dangerous for the tortoise to eat anything it finds in the garden—but it is not very good for the garden!
Betty, Perranporth, Cornwall.—Thank you for your long, chatty letter. I really don't know if moths have ears! What will you ask me next!

Insist on the Pro-phy-lac-tic in the YELLOW Box

Doctors Endorse the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It does what no other brush can do—removes food particles from between the teeth and other hard-to-get-at places. The tufts of bristles penetrate every crevice, and the extra-high end tuft cleans even the backs of the back teeth. "Prevention is better than cure," and by preventing tooth decay the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush saves one from many serious ills.



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Genuine only in YELLOW Box

In hard, medium, or soft bristles—one quality only—always in the sanitary YELLOW Box—2/6. At all Chemists, Stores, etc., or, if any difficulty, sent post free on receipt of price.

If your Pro-phy-lac-tic fails to give the service you think it should, return it to us, and we will send you a

NEW BRUSH FREE

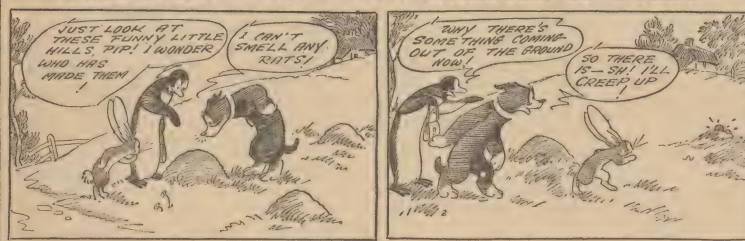
paying the postage both ways.

Write for the new book, "Tooth Truths," on the care of the teeth.

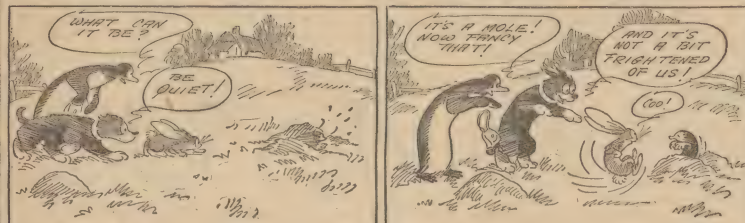
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31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

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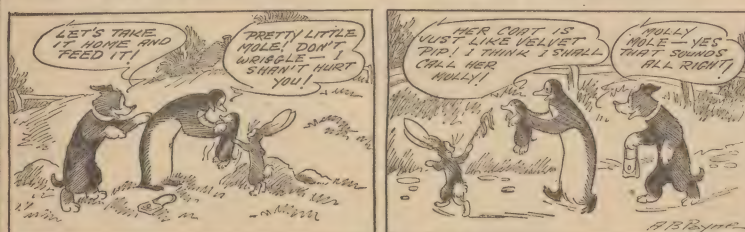
PETS FIND A MOLE AND CHRISTEN IT MOLLY.



1. Seeing some molehills in a meadow, Squeak wondered what they could be. 2. Suddenly, on one of these hills they saw the earth moving. Something alive inside!



3. They crept up as quietly as they could. "I hope it's a rat!" whispered Pip. 4. However, who should poke her nose out of the ground but a dear little mole!



5. "What a darling little thing!" cried Squeak, picking up the mole in her flappers. 6. They brought the mole home in great delight. "We'll christen her Molly!" cried Squeak.

Squeak. "May I put the brakes on when you want them?" "I'm afraid you can't manage that, Squeak," I said. "I know—you can watch the dial of the speedometer and tell me when we are going too fast."
Squeak was delighted to do this, and fixed her bright little beady eyes on the dial as if she knew everything about speedometers.
Wilfred, fortunately, did not want to do anything—he was quite content to sit on the back seat with his nose just peeping out of a rug.
Our other passengers—I suppose I ought to have mentioned them first—were my nephew Christopher and a friend of his named Horace. Horace seemed to be rather a know-all sort of boy—I was not sure whether I liked him or not.
Well, we all started off, and soon we were humming along the country road, with the telegraph poles "winkling" past on either side.
We were travelling along quite fast, and except for dogs and chickens and an old horse, who stood right in the middle of the road and refused to budge, all was well.
The "thrills," however, started on the way

THE LAST EASTER EGG. And What Happened After It Had Been Lost in the Post.

Easter is over and chocolate eggs have gone the way of all sweets: There are no more chickies and marzipan dummies, And no jolly holiday treats.
But, hark! what is that? A knock on the door! And Bobby sits straight up in bed; "A parcel for you, tied with ribbons of blue! A present for young sleepy-head!"
The last Easter egg! It was lost in the post. On its way to a good little lad.
Said Bobby, "Dear me, three days on the spree! I hope it isn't bad!"
I hope it hasn't gone bad!
He opened it gently—it fell apart—Two pieces that perfectly matched.
In a couple of ticks out tumbled two chicks—The Easter egg had been hatched! —J. F.



Jack: But—dad—
Dad: Be quiet! After five minutes' interval: Well, what was it you wanted?
Jack: Oh, it doesn't matter now, dad! I was only going to point out that your pipe had fallen on the carpet, but now it's burnt a hole right through!
The old traveller had returned to his native village after being abroad for twenty years. He stopped as he saw a little boy with a small baby coming down the road. "Ah! a new face, I see!"
"No, it isn't, sir," replied the small boy, looking at the baby. "It's just been washed, that's all!"
"Our baby has cut her first tooth," said Tom Proudly.
"Oh, I say, that's hard luck!" exclaimed his friend.
"How did she do it? Playing with a knife, I suppose!"
—523—
SPRINGTIME TEASERS.
What was made to-day and yet is twenty or so years old?—Many a bed in the country!
When is the ground very greasy?—When the rain is dripping.
What is it that when you take one letter away it's one more than it was before?—None (one).



Keep Your Hands Soft and White With Cuticura.

The daily use of the Soft, with occasional touch of the Ointment, is very effective for keeping the hands soft and smooth. For red, rough or sore hands: On retiring bathe in hot water and Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment.
Four 6s. Talcum 1s. 3d. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

DRAMATIC DEATH OF MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE.

Inquest Story of Seizure in
West End Hotel.

HUSBAND ABROAD.

The mysterious death at the Hotel Cecil of Mrs. Jessie May Mellon Bowie, wife of a millionaire, was explained at the inquest yesterday, when a verdict of Natural causes was returned.

Mr. Francis Gardiner Leader, a rubber planter, of Holbein-street, Chelsea, said he was a friend of Mrs. Bowie, who was the wife of Mr. Allan Bowie, of Vine, San Francisco.

Mr. Leader said he last saw Mrs. Bowie in 1918. He had a letter from her on Friday. He believed that she arrived in England on March 14. She asked him to go to see her at the Hotel Cecil.

He telephoned to her on Sunday morning to make arrangements to go to see her, but she was dead. She was about sixty years of age.

Dr. G. Hazlett, of St. James-square, said he saw Mrs. Bowie on Friday night, at ten o'clock, when she was in bed.

IN STATE OF COLLAPSE.

She was suffering great pain in the upper part of the chest, which had commenced in the afternoon, but had improved so that she was able to partake of dinner. He examined her, and prescribed for the relief of the pain. He was called again next morning and found her in a state of collapse, and in a desperate condition.

He called in Sir Humphrey Rolls, specialist. She died at 12.40 on Saturday midday. She had smoked a quantity of cigarettes, but he found no drugs about.

Dr. Henry Brightwater, who made a post-mortem examination, said the dead woman's heart weighed 16oz., and was affected.

The coroner (Dr. Langley Gidde) said the post-mortem examination showed that it was a perfectly natural death.

The woman was suffering from disease and degeneration of the heart, and death was due to syncope and angina pectoris.

NEW HATS FOR OLD.

Hints for Spring That Every Woman
Should Follow.

When the sun shines every woman wants a new hat. Luckily, even the hard-up can gratify this wish since the new straw hat dye, Colorite, is made in sixteen colours, is waterproof, easily used and transforms a last year's hat.

The new hats of Canton straw, called Q.P.33, are fitted with a deep lining and a draw-string, so that they fit any head. Pheasant is among the many colours.

As boat frocks are still indispensable the useful braided frocks of all wool serge with maroon vest, which D. H. Evans are selling this week at 35s. post free, are a bargain.

A surgeon has discovered that certain parts of the brain can be probed without any pain being felt—they have no nerve-endings. In every-day practice, he adds in his article in the "Medical Press," he has found gasparin the most trustworthy pain reliever.

AN OBLIGING BOY.

Ready to Help Man Who Asked for
Soul Insurance.

"Too much is made of a pupil who can get four sums right. The boy of intelligence is much to be admired."

So said Mr. J. Kay, of Liverpool, speaking yesterday in London at the Schoolmasters' Conference.

He told of a London office boy who was transferred to a Liverpool insurance office. The boy, approached in the office one day by a funeral person, asked the stranger what he could do for him in the way of insurance—life, annuities, fire or anything else.

"Can you insure the immortal soul?" mysteriously asked the stranger. "I am not quite certain," replied the youth, "but if you will take a seat I will ask the manager of the fire department." Such a boy would go far, commented Mr. Kay.

PRETTY GRAVES WISH.

Woman's £1,000 Conditional Bequest to Vicar.

Subject to flowers being planted on the graves of her family at least twice in every year, and the keeping in order of the tombstones, Miss Catherine Flower, Norfolk-crecent, Tyde Park, left £1,000 to the vicar and churchwardens of St. Michael and All Angels, Star-street, Edgware-road, W., for the upkeep and expenses of the church.

Miss Flower, who left estate valued at £112,779, bequeathed £1,000 to Brabazon Home, Reigate, to endow a bed, and £500 to Martha Annie Innes, the lady superintendent of the home.

'PLANE TALE FROM THE HILLS.

An aeroplane has had to make a forced landing at Dardoni as the result of striking a yulure, says the Pioneer's frontier correspondent (quoted in a Ruter telegram from Allahabad).

RADIO DRAMA.

Opera Listeners-In Hear
British Ship's S.O.S.

AFIRE IN MID-OCEAN.

Many thousands of radio enthusiasts in New England who were listening-in to an opera broadcast by a station in Boston on Monday night, says our New York correspondent, were suddenly cut off when S.O.S. calls came in from the British steamer City of Victoria, which was on fire in Mid-Atlantic.

In the quarter of a hour that elapsed before radio listeners were let in again on the opera, the sea messages told that the imperilled vessel was steaming full speed for Azores. She gave her position as Long, 18, 50 W., Lat. 50.10. The City of Victoria (3,530 tons) left London on March 3 for San Francisco, and put in at Antwerp.

A bad fire broke out in her afterholds while she was in mid-ocean.

Latest messages state that the fire was under control, and that the ship was proceeding to St. Michael's, Azores, under her own steam.

The City of Victoria is owned by the British Canadian Steamship Company.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

Charming Types That 'Daily Mirror'
Contest Has Brought to Light.

One of the most delightful features of *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition is the charming examples of British childhood it has brought to light. Later in this week a further selection of such photographs will be published. The contest is arousing the keenest interest among parents. Mothers who are proud of the beauty of their children are eager to submit them to the public judgment in comparison with the rest of the child beauties of the United Kingdom.

It may be repeated that boys under five years are eligible to compete in the junior section of the competition. There is no age limit for female competitors.

All photographs must have written on the back of them the name, age and address of the competitor, and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed for the return of the photograph at the close of the contest. Photographs should be addressed to: "The Editor, *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.4."

NEW LUXURY LINER.

Pompeian Bathing Pool and Oak
Steps That Cost £200 Each.

The reconditioning of the giant liner *Leviathan* as the most luxurious and up-to-date passenger liner afloat is now nearly complete, and the task of converting her into an oil-burner has already been accomplished.

This statement was made by Mr. Homer L. Pearson, president of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Docks Company, who held the big contract for the equipment of the second largest ship afloat.

The *Leviathan* when she leaves Newport for Graving Dock on May 1 will be equipped with every modern device for the safety and comfort of passengers, including telephones communicated with the ship's wireless for connection from the liner to the shore.

Passengers will also be able to listen-in to programmes from the broadcasting stations. Although the entire interior of the vessel was stripped during the war in converting her into an army transport, the original German design has not been essentially interfered with.

The Pompeian swimming pool, which was completely destroyed, has been replaced. A stage has been added to the oak-panelled social hall, and six oak steps leading to the platform made by hand costing about £200 each.

HOLIDAY TRAGEDIES.

Five People Killed in Motor Accidents
—300 Sea Trippers Aground.

There was an unusual number of fatalities round Northampton during Easteride. Frank Parrie, a clerk, and Fred Lake, aged fourteen, were killed by motor-cars on the road to Towcester races.

Lilla Mitchell, housekeeper to a farmer at Blands, was found in a field with her throat cut, and the body of Percy Newcombe, an ex-soldier, of Courtenhall, who had been missing from home since March 8, was found in the river near Earls Barton.

A Merville steamer carrying 300 excursionists from Londonderry yesterday went around near Merville and the passengers had to be landed in small boats.

A seven-year-old boy named Gladdas, the son of a Colchester hairdresser, was knocked down and killed yesterday by a motor-car driven by a lady. Another boy was killed by a motor-car near Gun Hill, Dedham.

An inquest was opened at Plym, Northumberland, yesterday, on Ellen Robson, aged eighteen, of Stockton, who was killed in a motor-car accident.

HANGED FOR KILLING SON-IN-LAW.

Found guilty of the murder of his son-in-law at Sunderland, Daniel Cassidy, aged sixty, was hanged yesterday morning at Durham Gaol.

Happy smiles, good health revealing,
Indicate "that Kruschen feeling!"



Everybody Happy!

They're all as happy as the day is long. And for a very good reason. They have found out the secret of happiness. What is the secret of happiness?

Just good health.

What is the secret of good health?

Kruschen Salts. And here is the simple explanation.

If you are constantly feeling depressed and "out of sorts," it is probably because your internal organs are failing to perform their functions properly. The strain of modern life, insufficient fresh air and exercise, hasty and perhaps ill-chosen meals, all tend to render the liver and kidneys inactive. The result is that impurities of all kinds collect in the body and enter the blood, weakening the whole system.

But happy Kruschen families never worry about that. Every morning they take in their breakfast cup of tea a pinch of Kruschen Salts—just as much as will lie on a sixpence. This little tasteless dose stimulates the liver and kidneys to the proper performance of their duty, thoroughly cleanses all impurities from the system, and sends clear, healthy blood streaming to every part of the body. A radiant sense of fitness thrills the whole being, banishing depression and fatigue and establishing a lasting state of cheery vigour.

Try it yourself, and know what it is to experience that glorious "Kruschen feeling." Get a 1/9 bottle to-day.

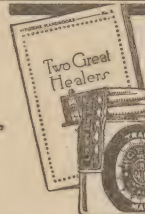
Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day



Tasteless in Tea

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a bottle to-day and start to-morrow.



FREE!

Try this wonderful antiseptic ointment at our expense

Send four penny stamps to cover post and packing and we will send you a generous trial tin of "Ruby Balm," the new antiseptic ointment, together with an interesting booklet.

"Ruby Balm" is an antiseptic ointment which purifies injuries, prevents septic conditions and infection and at the same time soothes and heals injured flesh, ulcers, etc.

Official tests show that its pain-banishing power is of extraordinary potency. Strongly recommended for headaches, toothache, neuralgia, chilblains, &c.

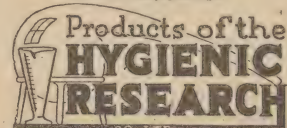
"Ruby Balm" can be obtained of most chemists, or direct in 1 oz. jars 1/3, or 3 oz. jars 3/4 from the address below.

RUBY BALM

Try also "Ruby Balm Oils," the antiseptic embrocation for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc. in bottles at 1/2, 2/- and 3/-.

HYGIENIC RESEARCH CO., LTD. (M2), 100-105, Moorgate Station Chambers, London, E.C.2.

Trade enquiries invited for details of striking special offer.

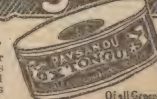


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Paysandu Ox Tongues

None Better.

Send name and address for FREE copy of "Housewife's Book of Hints" to McCall & Co., Ltd., 28, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.3.



Of all Grocers

THE WAY OF A MAN

By
S. ANDREW WOOD

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.



PEGGY.

walk in Hyde Park early one spring morning when a dog attacks them and a shabby stranger acts as rescuer. Archie does not shine in a very heroic light during the affray and takes himself off. Peggy indulges in some verbal give-and-take with the stranger and then, feeling that he is in need, gives him a ten-shilling note and runs away.

That morning Peggy, a ringleader in a lightning strike at Quilter's. During an interview with old Adrian Quilter, the proprietor, the latter hints surprisingly that he once knew Peggy's dead mother, but Peggy dismisses the idea as absurd. Quilter is a quaint character whose bark is worse than his bite, and he seems to enjoy the girl's spiteful remarks. The strike fails, and Peggy is discharged. She returns disconsolately to Tozer's Royal Empress, and in the drawing-room she finds Archie Dugdale and the shabby stranger in conversation. Peggy learns that Archie is a jackal who preys on credulous girls, and dismisses her unworthy lover with contempt. She strikes a stranger in conversation, of-work appearance, offers him a peculiar appointment. He is to find a missing girl in London whose photograph is shown to him. It is a speaking likeness of Peggy Beckett, although the photograph is twenty years old.

Sandiford finds Peggy and reports to Quilter that she is in abject poverty. The old man cackles mysteriously as he hears the news. Actually the report is fictitious, for Peggy is making a brave fight although she is almost penniless. She has befriended a divorced woman, Nan Beverley, who has once known Jack Sandiford, but Peggy is unaware of this. The two girls seek employment, in their different ways.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

JACK SANDIFORD, as he turned out of the backwater quietude of Bryanston-square into the evening glitter of Oxford-street, was a young man not entirely at his ease.

He grinned rather ruefully at himself. It was pleasant to think that he was tricking a vindictive old man with the neatness of a thorough-paced adventurer. But the pretence which he had used with Peggy Beckett troubled his conscience.

He had behaved like a professional private detective, tracking her from Tozer's to the wax-work shop, losing touch for a few days, and then catching her, as large as life, on the top of a bus, staring into the windows of Quilter's Emporium as he lounged in the street below.

He had boarded the bus and got inside. The chance thunderstorm had turned him to the semblance of a drowned rat, a picture for a girl's pity, and a phial of harmless aspirin tablets had been the only properties in a pretty little trick.

"She'd have cut you dead if you'd tried to make friends in the ordinary way," he muttered, "after the blow the Dugdale rascal gave her. If you're going to protect her from that old gnome, you had to get pals by hook or crook. Brave little girl!"

He forced a light note, and crossed the firefly-traffic of Piccadilly into Half Moon-street, with his hat at a happy-go-lucky angle.

A spate of hilarious young men came pouring from the portals of a club which was known, as one of the more polite Bohemian haunts of artists, playwrights and authors. Jack Sandiford's face, as he ran into them, was fully visible in the mingled radiance of the electric arcs and a full spg moon.

"Good gracious! It's old Secker!"

A little man with a monocle squeaked the words. He caught Sandiford's crumpled sleeve, laughing uproariously.

Secker, playing either Prince Florizel or Jekyll and Hyde—I'm hanged if I know which. Observe his ripe and over-blown hat, gentlemen! Discern the immaculate young author of that great Haymarket success, "Reggie of Regent-Street," in a pair of secondhand reacher-me-downs. Now I don't call this fair, Secker, old chap. You're a blackleg. While we other poor writing chaps are wasting our substance on riotous living, you're slouching about looking at Life with a capital L.

Not a muscle of Sandiford's face had moved for a moment. But now he scowled and thrust out his jaw. The change in his look was startling and admirably done.

"Let go, little 'un!" he said roughly. "And stop larking. This ain't another Armistice Night, is it?"

The rest of the young men—three or four in number—had gathered round him. One of them chuckled enjoyably.

"We're off to the Waxmanaker woman's reception, Seck," he said. "She's expecting you to come and do your little roar with the rest of the lions. It'd be a fine scream if you'd come along with us as you are."

Sandiford swung himself free. A growl left him. He was acting deliberately, coolly and audaciously.

"You parasites!" he snarled bitterly. "Ain't it bad enough for a poor sweep to be splashed all day by the mud from the motors of you air your kind, 'without being made game of?"

"Ain't it bad enough to be snored at by your powdered and bare-backed women and laughed at by your footmen—them traitors to the proletariat who'll be the first to swing on a lamp-post when the Revolution comes—without being made a joke of by a dressed-up monkey with a monocle screwed in his eye? I'd like to bomb the lot of you!"

"Heavens!" murmured a languid young man. "One of the Soviet! It can't be Jack Secker."

The little man peered uncertainly into Sandiford's face. Sandiford dug him in the throat with his stiffened fingers in approved White-chapel style, making him cough his monocle out of his eye.

"See you in the first lot o' tumbrels, little 'un!" he said, with a hoarse laugh, and passed on.

Once round the corner, he quickened his footsteps until a dozen blocks of houses were between him and Half Moon-street. Then he paused to grin soberly at himself.

"You're a fit pal for that little adventure-girl, Secker!" he murmured. "You take life about as seriously as she does."

His good-looking face was grave—even touched with a transient uneasiness, again—as he reached his rooms, and, lest any of the gay crowd he had encountered should have followed him, entered by a half-hidden side door.

Once in his own study, his actions were swift but deliberate. He opened a small portable typewriter and carefully typed a hundred words in the style of a newspaper paragraph, accompanied by a short letter. This he sealed, and touched the bell behind him.

Todd, his man entered. Sandiford swung round in his seat.

"You're a trustworthy sort of bean, Todd," he

"Do you think girls like me never ache inside for silks and satins and motor-cars and nothing to do for ever?" cried Peggy. "We've never been used to it, I know, but we jolly soon could get used to it!"



said. "You don't mind how many lies your employer tells or what kind of clothes he wears. So listen. I went to Spain three days ago, via Paris and Biarritz, and mean to stay there for nearly a month. This item of news, which will appear in most of the newspapers to-morrow, says so. I shall not put in an appearance here again until I have returned from abroad."

"Very good, sir," said Todd woodenly. Some hours later, in the common room of a Rowton House behind Drury Lane, a young man, rather cleaner and more respectably dressed than the other men who frequented the room, sprawled easily in one of the corner seats like one who, though a bird of passage, had made himself thoroughly at home.

NAN'S WAY.

PEGGY was leaning over the table, upon which was spread that morning's newspaper. The sunlight, diluted by an indifferently cleaned window and a twisted chimney-cowl, lit her bright hair and the lines of her throat and chin. She held a teacup in one hand and a breakfast-roll in the other.

"Entrez, madame!" She pulled a face at her own French. But it was not Mme. Lupin, her landlady. It was Nan Beverley.

"Early bird!" said Peggy, dimpling. "I'm

the only worm there is here this morning, and I'm not fat enough to be worth eating—hullo, what's the matter?"

Nan Beverley sat down in the ancient saddle-bag chair in silence. She was dressed with a richness of effect that made Peggy draw her breath in something like dismay. Her brilliant skin and slender, sinuous body, at that hour and in that dingy room, were striking. Her very beauty struck an incongruous note.

"You sold your diamond ring, I see," Peggy said slowly.

Nan Beverley looked up with a gleam of her old arrogance. It died down to a half-sullen laugh.

"Yes. I could only get fifty pounds for it. I had to buy some more of some kind. It's made rather a hole in the proceeds. My hat! This is an awful kind of life, Peg o' my heart!"

She cast a panic-stricken glance round the room. The flash of courage which had sustained her this day before was gone. She sat dully, with her silver-chain handbag upon her knee, and listened to the cracked song of Monsieur Lupin, in his workshop below, as he carved waxen faces of murderers and martyrs.

Peggy emptied her tea-cup.

"Pretty stuffy," she agreed unemotionally. "I've just been looking through the newspaper. There's two or three things that might suit you."

Nan Beverley tapped her white teeth with her finger-nail. She did not seem to hear Peggy. "They all know who I am!" she burst out, viciously and tremulously. "I didn't think they would. There was a smirk on the face of the jeweller who bought my ring. The girl in the dressmaker's shop called me Mrs. Beverley before I told her my name. The landlord of the mews came to me this morning, rubbing his hands—he's a Jew, I think. He wanted my autograph."

She laughed brokenly—"I was frightened of coming here in case the man below wanted to make a picture of me in his window. The Beautiful Mrs. Beverley of the Beverley Divorce Case! It's no go for me, Peggy Beckett, this being poor and honest."

They won't let me be, Nan. Peggy made an impulsive movement, then stopped herself. Her straight blue eyes rested on Nan Beverley.

"You see," she said deliberately. "You don't look poor and honest." She ignored the cold little sneer that crept about the other girl's lips. "You look just like—just like the Beautiful Mrs. Beverley. I suppose it's because you've been performing on the stage for so long that you don't realise you're behind the scenes now, in a grubby little dressing-room—I'm a rude little girl, aren't I?"

Nan's lips curled in a forced smile. "You're startling," she said, slowly. "Go on."

Peggy was pinning on her little velvet hat. She talked with a hat-pin in her mouth. "When old geezers who let rooms in a smelly mews see their lady-tenants suddenly arrayed like one of Solomon's wives in all her glory, so to speak, they sit up and take notice. So does everybody else. It doesn't matter even if you were so tremendously cute as to call yourself 'Miss' Beverley. Oh, I know that you feel like a rag-

bag compared with what you used to. But look at poor me!"

Peggy swung round with sudden cat-like ferocity—"Do you think girls like me never ache all over inside for silks and satins and motor-cars and nothing to do for ever? Do you think we don't wonder what it feels like to have limelight and men's eyes on you always. We've never been used to it, I know. But we jolly soon could get used to it. Oh, crikey, there goes my tongue again! Wasting time. How much money have you left, Nan B., please?"

She quelled the storm of her words and looked mildly at her companion. But a print of colour remained in her cheeks. Nan Beverley surveyed her a little helplessly.

"Only about twenty pounds," she answered, rather falteringly. "I had to buy an outfit of some kind."

Peggy nodded carelessly. "I've only about a pound," she said. "And half of that is—between." She flushed faintly. A cry left Nan Beverley.

"You had nearly sixty, Peg!"

Peg lifted her eyebrows with elaborate coolness.

An old gentleman came in here yesterday and pinched it," she said. "Didn't I tell you? Come along. We'll go out and look for a job apiece."

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

THERE'S ONE WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION

... and headaches, sleeplessness and lethargy, too! That's to get rid of the dangerous acid that fast weakens the digestive organs and starts all the trouble. This acid is always present when you have stomach pain; it causes fermentation, stops your food doing you good, and gives you dull headaches and other worries. Why carry this needless burden? You can restore your stomach to health and strength in very quick time by taking Bismarck Magnesia, which neutralises the excess acid the instant it enters the stomach, thus preventing all possibility of fermentation. It enables your stomach to do its own work, and meal-times become enjoyable! If a doctor had indigestion he would probably take Bismarck Magnesia, for many medical men, in private practices and in hospitals, praise this preparation highly. The cost is small, as either powder or tablet form is obtainable at any chemist for 3s. 3d., whilst the word "Bismarck" is boldly displayed on the wrapper to enable purchasers to identify the original and genuine article. Since Bismarck Magnesia means life itself to many thousands it should mean relief to YOU!—(Adv't.)

HOLBROOK'S
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE
"The King of the Cruet."
Holbrook

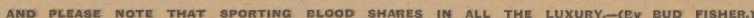
THE Marmet
NEEDS HANDS TO STEER—THAT'S ALL
BABY CARRIAGE.
That the Marmet is the World's Best Baby Car is no secret, and our Illustrated Album P, sent post free, will tell you why!
The Carriage with a Guarantee.
Prices from £6 6s.
E. T. MORRIS & CO., LTD.
Marmet House, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3:
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BLAKEY'S
Sparkling Wine
THE NEW WONDERFUL
Tonic BOOT POLISH
DE-LUXE
IN TINS 1 1/2, 3 & 6"

Constipation
Relieved Without the Use of
Laxatives.
Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant.
Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol
TRADE MARK
For Constipation

Ice Hockey at Montreux.—The final of the series of three rink hockey matches arranged between the Montreux Hockey Club and the British team was played at Montreux yesterday, the visitors winning by 8 goals to 2, states Reuter. In the three games played the Englishmen scored



bulletin; 9.40, the orchestra; 9.50, natural harmony
notes; 10, the orchestra.

DAILY MIRROR'S
FASHION FAIR

OPENS
HOLLAND PARK HALL
MONDAY, APRIL 16.

Molly Mole Appears! See
Page 11

TURN TO PAGE 15
FOR ANOTHER
AMUSING
MUTT AND JEFF
CARTOON

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES AT THE DONCASTER HACKNEY SHOW



Mr. Fletcher's black horse, first in heavy trades class.



Miss Fletcher driving Angram Express in the Hackney novice mares' class.



Sir Merrick Burrell (right), a judge, and (centre) Mr. Nigel Coleman, acting president and president elect.



Miss Maitland, who was awarded the championship and first prize for driving, pins on her badge.



Princess Mary presents the gold cup for the champion stallion to Mr. Heinrichsen. Lord Lascelles, left.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles attended the second day of the Doncaster Hackney Show at Glasgow Paddocks yesterday, and were given a great reception. Both saw women

riders and drivers take a prominent part in the show, and Princess Mary presented the principal cups to their winners. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)



Miss M. A. Bullows, a prominent woman rider, going well over the wall jump on If Not.